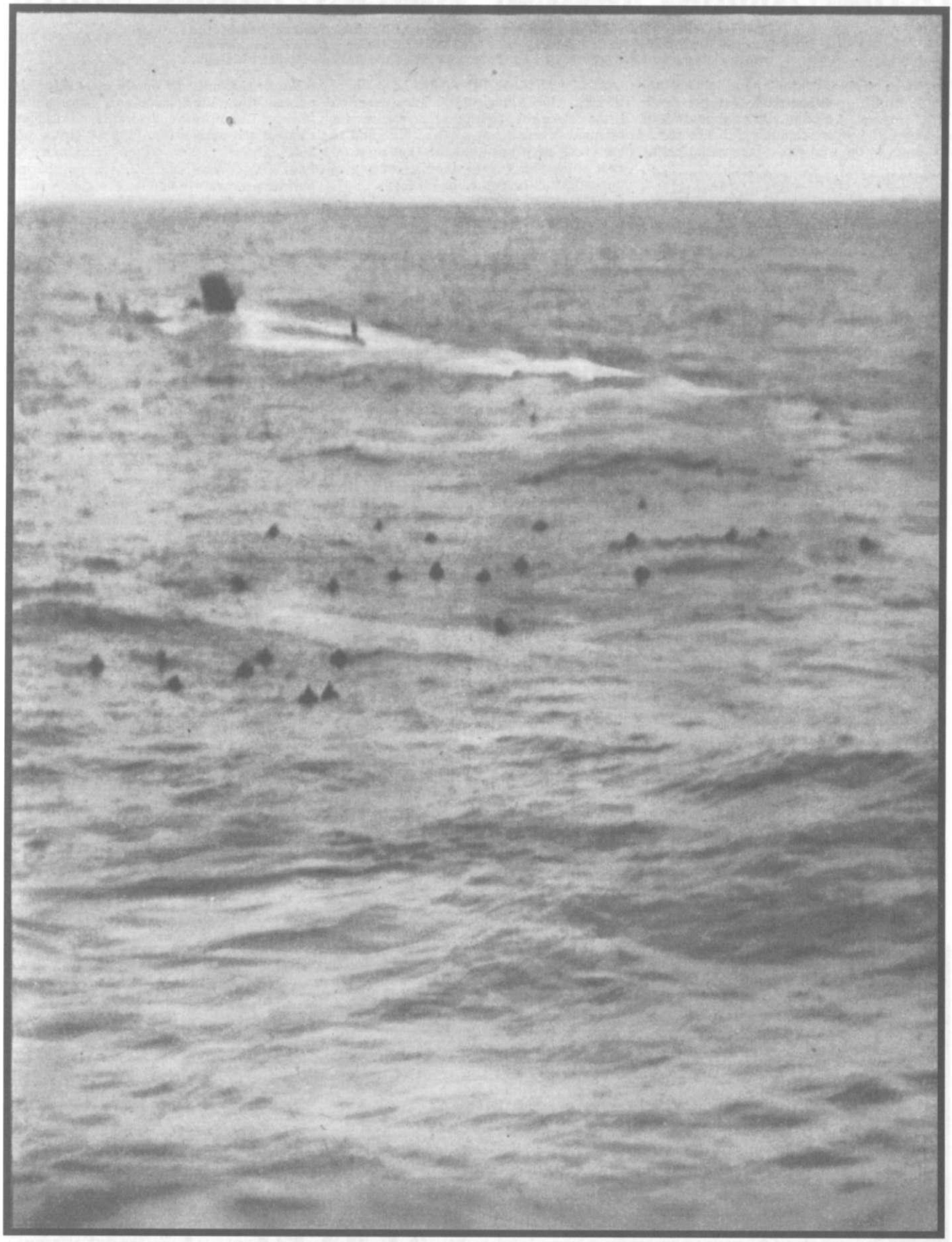


THEY WILL BE SAVED FROM THE FATE THEY DESERVE

Such a scene as this has been enacted many times since the Nazis began their intensified "blockade" by submarines. One more U-boat has been spotted by a British destroyer, and depth charges have sealed its fate. The crew have jumped overboard, except one man who, fearing to take the plunge, still stands on the stern of the sinking U-boat. They can be confident that British sailors will observe the chivalry of the sea which they themselves have so shamelessly violated, and send boats to their rescue. The photo was taken from the destroyer. *Photo, Exclusive to* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Derna: Another Step in Wavell's Victory March

Derna, on the North African coast 100 miles west of Tobruk, was captured by the Imperial Army of the Nile on January 30. The story of its taking is given below, together with an account of the attack by Free French forces on the Italian outpost at Murzuk.

EVEN before Tobruk had fallen the British mechanized patrols were reported to be in the neighbourhood of Derna, the little seaport which lies some 100 miles to the west along the coastal road.

MARSHAL GRAZIANI is here seen almost as bemedalled as Marshal Goering. In 1936 he succeeded Marshal Badoglio as Viceroy of Abyssinia, and in 1940 he followed Marshal Balbo as Governor and C.-in-C. in Libya.
Photo, Keystone

Derna is a town of considerable size—its population before the war was in the neighbourhood of 10,000 – but it had next to no defences other than the trenches left by the Arabs of years ago and what Nature has provided in a hilly and rugged countryside. Its garrison, too, was considerably smaller than that which had capitulated so easily at Tobruk. Only some 10,000 men were left in the place by Graziani to receive the onslaught of the Army of the Nile ; and to their credit be it said that they put up a far better show than their comrades in any of the battles of the preceding weeks.

For two or three days they contested a number of minor actions outside the town, thus giving time for many of the inhabitants to be evacuated to Barce, 100 miles away on the road to Benghazi, and for most of the garrison to be successfully withdrawn to the west. Indeed, for the first time in the Libyan war the Italians launched a counter-attack on a considerable scale, representing a last desperate effort to halt the British advance into Cyrenaica, the really fertile portion of Libya where perhaps as many as 20,000 Italian settlers have their homes, their olive groves and fields of barley.

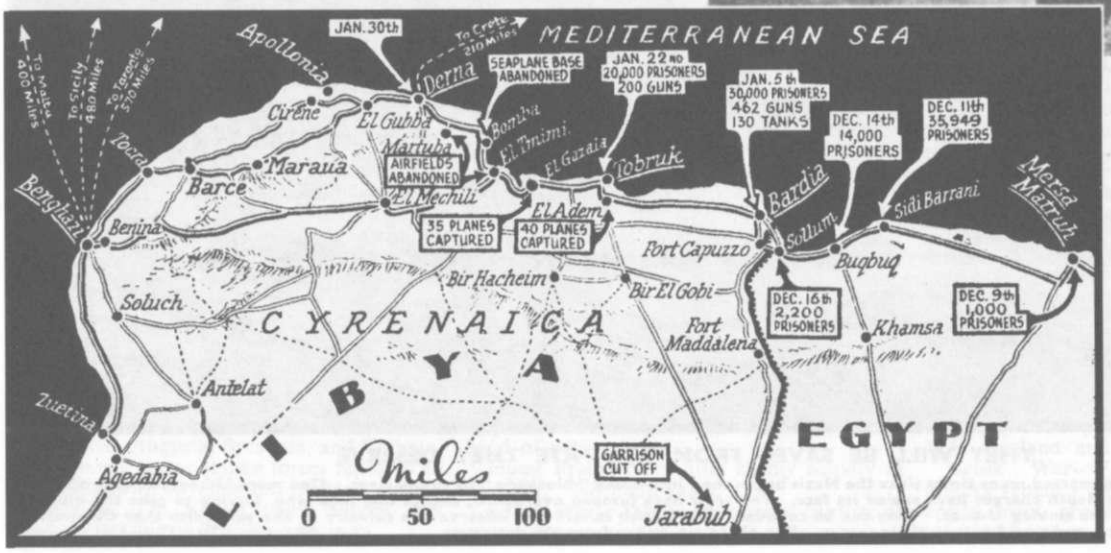
The counter-attack was speedily crushed, however, by British armoured units and Australian infantry, and the Italians were then driven behind a ridge where they dug themselves in beside their artillery. British forces closed in under heavy fire, while another detachment engaged the enemy at Siret el Chreiba, on the escarpment 10 miles to the south-west. Here again the Italians displayed altogether unusual powers of resistance, using 20 mm. guns mounted on lorries and medium tanks, while their aircraft, which for days had failed to put in an appearance, made dive-bombing and machine-gun attacks on the British forces.

For four days in severe weather and often in blinding sandstorms, the artillery duel proceeded, while the infantry and tanks clashed in bitter fighting in the desert, but by January 29 the Imperial troops had made such good progress that they were looking down on Derna, and on the next day they poured down the hillside and captured the town. There were no dramatic incidents such as had marked the fall of Tobruk and Sidi Barrani ; there was no zero hour, no swift encirclement of the place, no roaring barrage or heavy bombing by the R.A.F.; no spectacular bayonet charges. But first the outposts were captured by Australian and British troops, then the town itself was entered, and those of the garrison who had not made their withdrawal along the road to Barce held up their hands in surrender. The retreating troops were heavily strafed by the R.A.F. as they pressed through the mob of civilian refugees on the way to join what was left of Graziani's army.

Meanwhile, the main body of the Army of the Nile was streaming across the desert, making a short cut to Benghazi, the seat of the Italian administration of Cyrenaica. This, it was admitted, was now Wavell's main objective, but in view of the determined Italian resistance at Derna it was believed that there would be hard fighting before it could be captured.

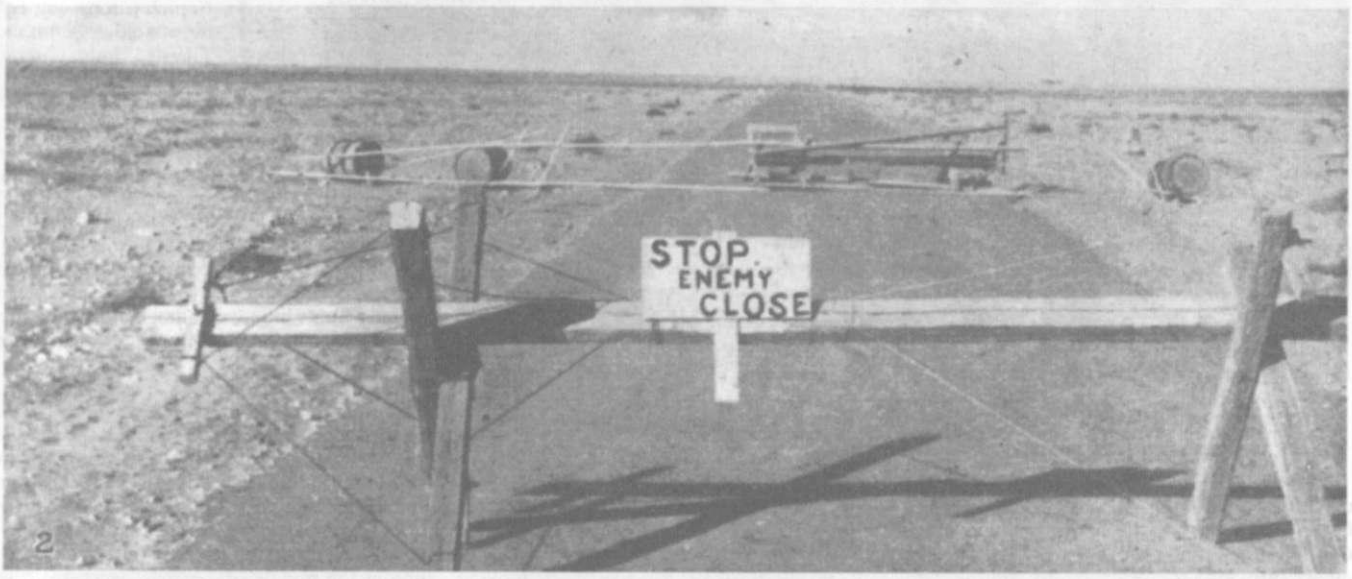
With Benghazi in their hands the British would have completed the occupation of the most fertile portion of Mussolini's North African empire ; a few miles beyond the town the desert begins again, running for hundreds of miles before another comparatively fertile stretch opens near Tripoli.

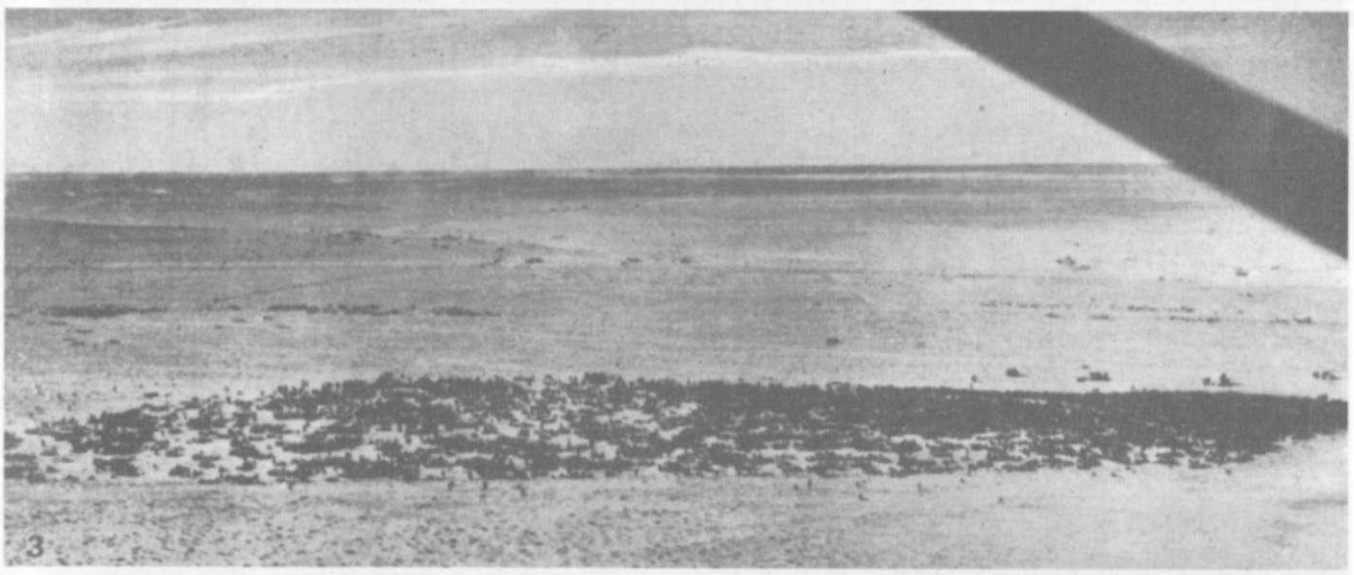
DERNA, which was entered by Imperial troops on January 30, 1941, lies to the west of Tobruk. It is not a port of any value, but the little bay on which it stands provides a safe anchorage for small craft. The feature of most importance is its good water supply, which will solve a major difficulty confronting General Wavell's Army.
Photo, E.N.A.



The successive stages of the advance of the Army of the Nile towards Benghazi is shown in the map left, together with the distances of various points on the coast of Libya from British and Italian bases. Double lines show the roads and dotted lines the desert tracks.
Map, "News Chronicle"

In Bardia, One-time 'Bastion of Fascism'





IMPERIAL TROOPS were in high fettle on the memorable January 5, 1941, when they entered Bardia and struck a staggering blow at Mussolini's vaunted African Empire. (1) Australian soldiers are walking very much at ease along a deserted road in the captured town. (2) The barrier across the Capuzzo-Bardia road is eloquent testimony to the eagerness of the troops, for it warns motorized units that this is the point where discretion becomes the better part of valour. Beyond they might run into an enemy barrage with the consequent useless waste of life. (3) Ample proof of their success was afforded the troops by such sights as this mass of Italian prisoners rounded up as in a huge desert corral, photographed from the air.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

'Free France' Strikes at an Italian Outpost

MURZUK against which the Free French Camel Corps of the Chad made its remarkable raid covering four hundred miles, has this old fort to which the Italian troops withdrew when the French entered the town. Right is a map showing the line of the French advance from Chad. *Photo, E.N.A; Map, courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph"*

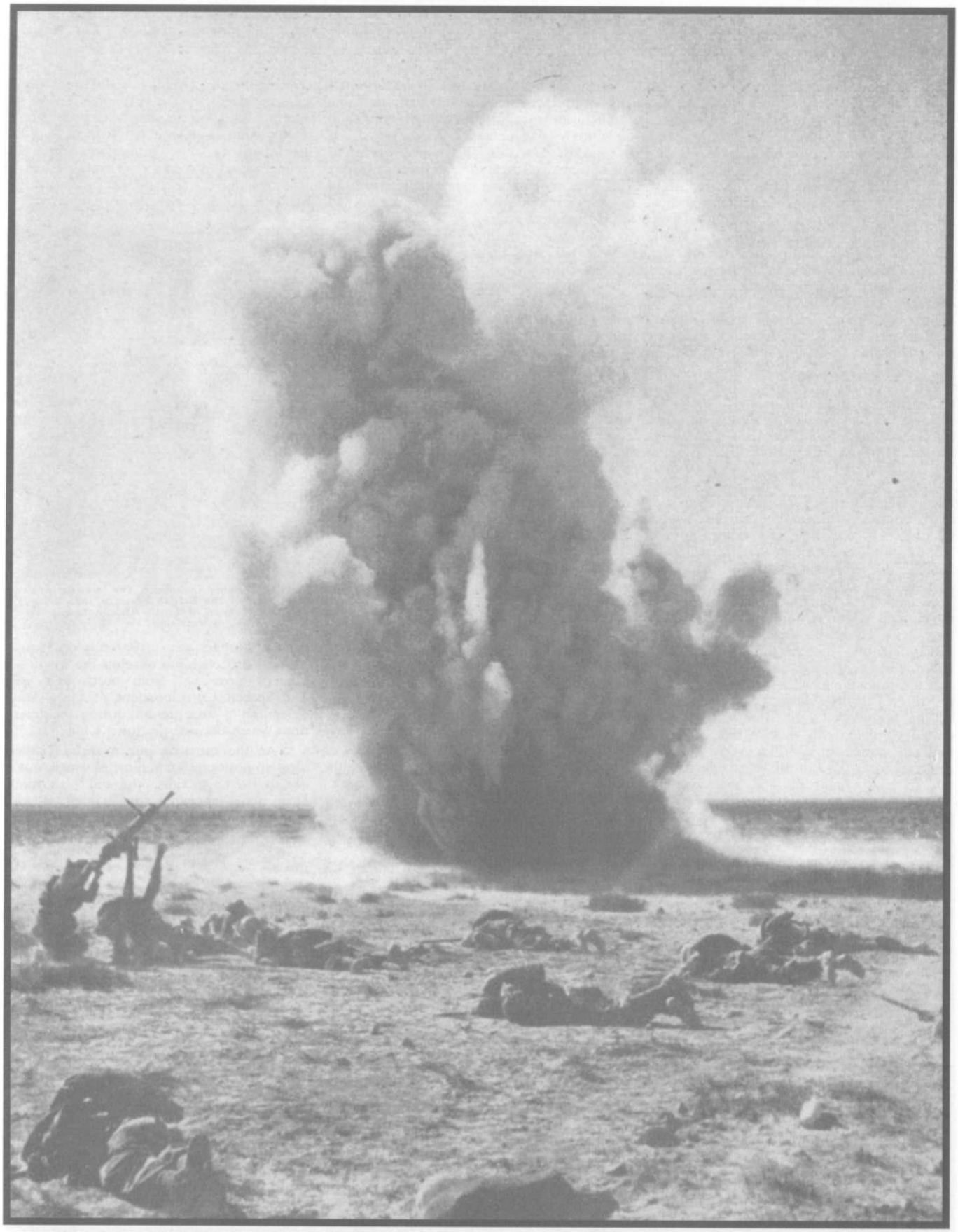
After a flight over Bardia, these Australian Air Force pilots are discussing their experiences. An instance of the British superiority in the air was given by a Pilot Officer back from the battle of Sidi Barrani. "My Squadron," he said, "shot down 72 Italian machines. We lost six machines, but three of the pilots were saved." *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

While these operations were proceeding on the Mediterranean coast, Free French forces 600 miles to the south-west made a daring attack on Murzuk, a town in the desert province of Fezzan, in south-west Libya, where the Italians have established an air base. The French force was dispatched from the Chad territory, and was composed of the Free French Camel Corps. During the day they took what cover presented itself, pushing forward on their swift-moving camels at night. The Italian garrison at Murzuk, though 500 strong and so considerably more numerous than the attackers, were taken completely by surprise. They withdrew into the fort and allowed the French troops, consisting of soldiers from the Tibesti and Tuareg native tribes of the Sahara, under French officers and N.C.O.s, to work havoc in the aerodrome. All the aircraft on the ground were destroyed and the hangars and warehouses burnt. All day long the French carried on their work of destruction, unhindered by the enemy who watched unavailingly from behind the walls of the fort. Unfortunately, the leader of the daring exploit, Lieut.-Col. Colonna d'Ornano, was killed by a sniper's bullet; he was honoured posthumously by General de Gaulle, Leader of Free France, with the cross of the "Ordre de la Libération." A very small number of the French were wounded, and they took back with them into Chad a score of Italian prisoners. Details of the raid, which took place some time in the middle of January, were given to the world by General Catroux on January 28.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS on the Western Desert are sure of the best and speediest treatment. Above, ambulance men are picking up a stretcher case under shellfire. In a very short time the patient will be treated in a well-equipped hospital tent such as that illustrated in the photograph on the left, where an operation is in progress.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Bombs for the Italians in the Desert Battle



The R.A.F. is always on the look-out for Italians to bomb in the Libyan desert. This extraordinarily vivid photograph shows the actual bursting of a bomb dropped by a British aircraft among enemy troops. As the great missile came whizzing down the men threw themselves prone on the ground to avoid the blast, which at such close quarters—only 50 yards away—would be death-dealing. The machine-gunner on the left, however has stuck to his post and continues to work his gun.

Photo, Associated Press

Now the War is Carried into Eritrea

Only a few short months ago the Italians occupied British Somaliland and were believed to be about to attempt a drive against Khartoum. Now the situation has been completely reversed, however, and it is Italian East Africa which is invaded, not from one side but from several.

FOLLOWING the recapture of Kassala on January 18, a British army in the Sudan, under the command of Major-General W. Platt, crossed the frontier and invaded the Italian colony of Eritrea. It was largely composed of troops of the Indian Army, but it also included mechanized units which some six weeks before had played their part in the triumph of Sidi Barrani. Now they had been brought to this new front, 1,500 miles to the south, and the fact that General Wavell was able to release them was not the least encouraging sign in an encouraging phase of the war.

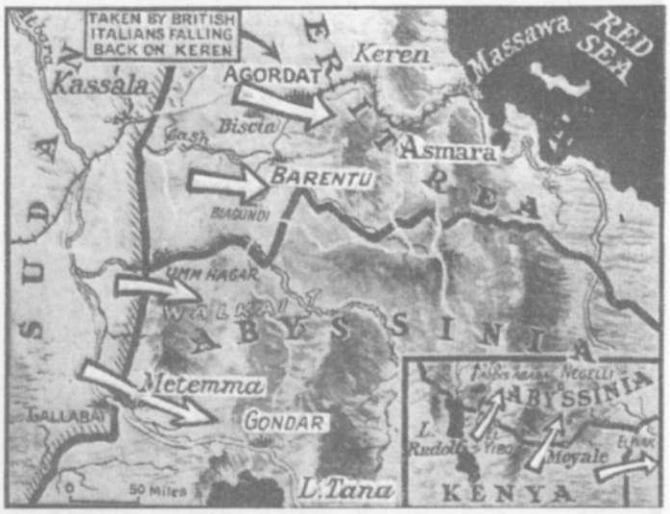
Two columns of Imperial troops invaded Eritrea, one making for Agordat, due east from Kassala, while the other had for its objective Barentu, some 50 miles to the south. At the same time other columns still farther to the south invaded Abyssinia, striking through Metemma in the direction of Gondar and Lake Tana. These moves coincided with yet other attacks made by the Imperial Army in East Africa (South Africans, Indians, and Rhodesians) under Major-General A. Cunningham, delivered in a northerly direction from the Kenya frontier. It was not long before it was reported that these troops were nearer Addis Ababa, the Abyssinian capital, than they were to their own headquarters in Nairobi.

General Platt's main drive was in the north, and within a fortnight the invaders were reported to be some 150 miles inside Italian territory—and this though the advance had to be made through difficult bush country and the Italians put up a strong, even fierce resistance. (Eritrea, it must be remembered, is the Italians' oldest and most highly developed colony in East Africa, and the Eritrean troops are in a very different category from the Libyan levies which have put up such a poor show in North Africa; the Eritrean Askaris, indeed, were the troops principally employed by the Italians in their conquest of Abyssinia.)

Much of the credit for General Platt's speedy advance was attributed to the Cape Mechanical Transport Companies, consisting of coloured volunteers and officered by Europeans, raised in the Union of South Africa shortly after the outbreak of war. These men showed remarkable skill in driving their vehicles through the rugged and largely roadless country, and also in maintaining them in a high state of efficiency.

The Italians were holding two strong lines—Keru to Aicota, and Biscia to Barentu—but after several days' fighting they were compelled to withdraw from both. Biscia, terminus of the railway from Massawa on the Red Sea, was reported captured by the British on January 26, and on February 1, Agordat, some 25 miles down the line and one of the most important Eritrean towns, was taken. Many hundreds of prisoners, with guns and mechanical transport, were captured, announced G.H.Q. Cairo. "Six Italian medium tanks, five light tanks, and 15 guns were also destroyed. The enemy sustained heavy casualties during our final attack which was carried out by British and Indian troops with Royal Air Force co-operation. Advanced elements of our forces closely pursued the enemy withdrawing towards Keren."

The road linking Barentu with Agordat was cut on January 31, and so the Italian defenders of the former town lost their principal line of retreat—and that they would have to retreat was soon obvious. "In the Barentu area," announced G.H.Q. Cairo, in the same communique, "operations are developing well." Barentu, an important Italian base and airport, was reported to be defended by at least 7,000 and possibly 12,000 men. Imperial troops had arrived at Aicota, 25 miles west of Barentu, on January 23, and proceeded to envelop the town in a pincers movement from north and west. The Special Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" was present during the operations which decided the town's fate.



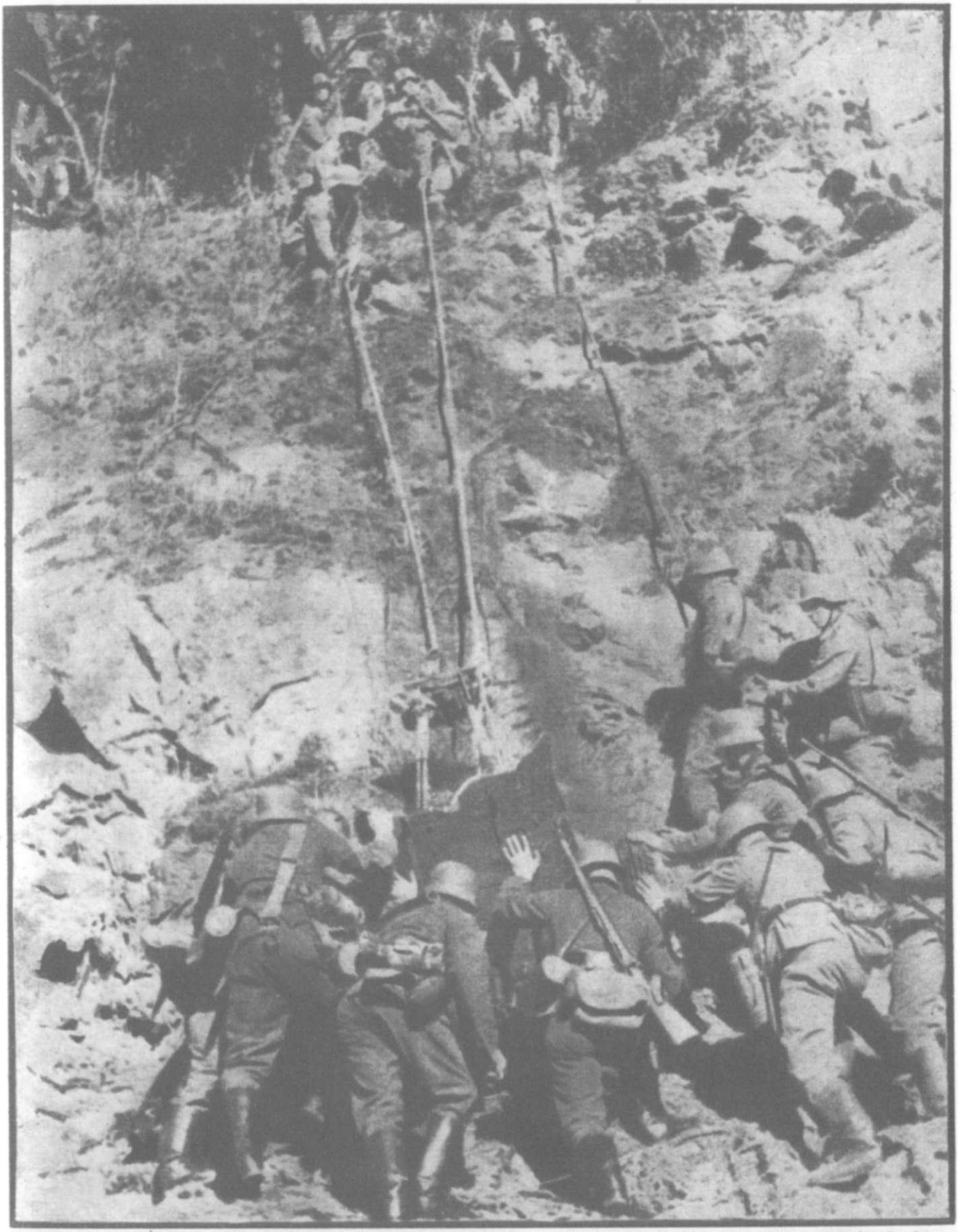
ITALIAN EAST AFRICA is now being invaded. The arrows in this contour map show the direction of the British advance into Eritrea, while the inset map shows the advance of South African forces from Kenya into Abyssinia. *By courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph"*

"At the moment our medium artillery took up positions behind lorries which looked like vast removal vans," he said "an orange flash signal appeared for a split second a few feet in front of the squat snouts of our guns. Then, with a crash that echoed like a thunderstorm round the encircling hills, the medium and lighter guns opened up. Our troops moved up to the first objective as soon as the barrage lifted—a hill surmounted by a brown and white painted mission church. I heard the rattle of machine-gun fire, like coals tumbling out of infernal scuttles . . . next came occasional bursts of artillery as our gunners were told to blot out this or that outstanding enemy machine-gun post. So it went on until the sounds of battle died in the early morning when the Italians finally decided to retire."

On Feb. 2 Barentu was captured, the garrison escaping into the bush. Though the enemy put up a good resistance, the British and Indian casualties were extraordinarily low; in none of the battalions engaged did they exceed 10. In fact, the Italian troops failed to exploit their advance in the matter of ground and cover. An Indian officer who had had experience of fighting in the North-West Frontier, told the Correspondent that 50 Pathans could have held up the entire British brigade for a week, so absolute was the command given by the hill-crest trench positions of the defenders.

AGORDAT, the fall of which was announced on February 2, 1941, is an important town of Eritrea, as it is connected with Massawa, the colony's port on the Red Sea, by a railway running through Asmara, the capital. It lies about 90 miles from the frontier with the Sudan, and about the same distance from Massawa. *Photo, F.N.A.*

How the Germans Plan to Scale Our Cliffs!



A GERMAN INVASION OF BRITAIN would involve the attackers in tremendous difficulties, even supposing that sufficient of the invasion force survived after receiving the attention of the Navy and the R.A.F. to effect a landing, for not only men but guns, tanks, war material and supplies of every kind would have to be put ashore. This German photograph—which, like those in the next page, was received via America, and purports to show German troops rehearsing an invasion somewhere on the Continent—demonstrates the difficulty of hauling even a machine-gun up a few feet of rocky cliff. Moreover, during rehearsals, the Nazis have no opposition ; they would find the real thing much more complicated.

Photo, Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

The Nazis Think the Invasion Will Be Like This

Left, a German soldier is hauling himself up the cliff side with the aid of a rope. Above, two members of a machine-gun team are making a climb that puts their gun temporarily out of action. Below, a landing-party is taking up a position among the rocks, evidently not an easy task even when there is no enemy about.

Photos, Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

THE unique photographs in this and the preceding page arrived in England through American sources. The German censor has allowed only the barest descriptions to accompany them, but they no doubt show rehearsals for the invasion of Britain. Somewhere in Germany or Norway stretches of coast have been selected to resemble points on the British shore at which a landing may be attempted. In the opposite page are just a few of the millions of men the invaders would meet in making their invasion attempt.

And So it Might Be—If it Were Not for These!

Our mobile army will move swiftly to any part of the country threatened by invasion. Motor-coaches now provide transport for the erstwhile "foot-slogger."

Nazi invaders will find themselves up against ubiquitous and well-armed motor-cyclists, like this man of the London Irish, who, with eyes protected by a visor, is eager to demonstrate the rate of fire of his sub machine-gun.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Fox and Keystone

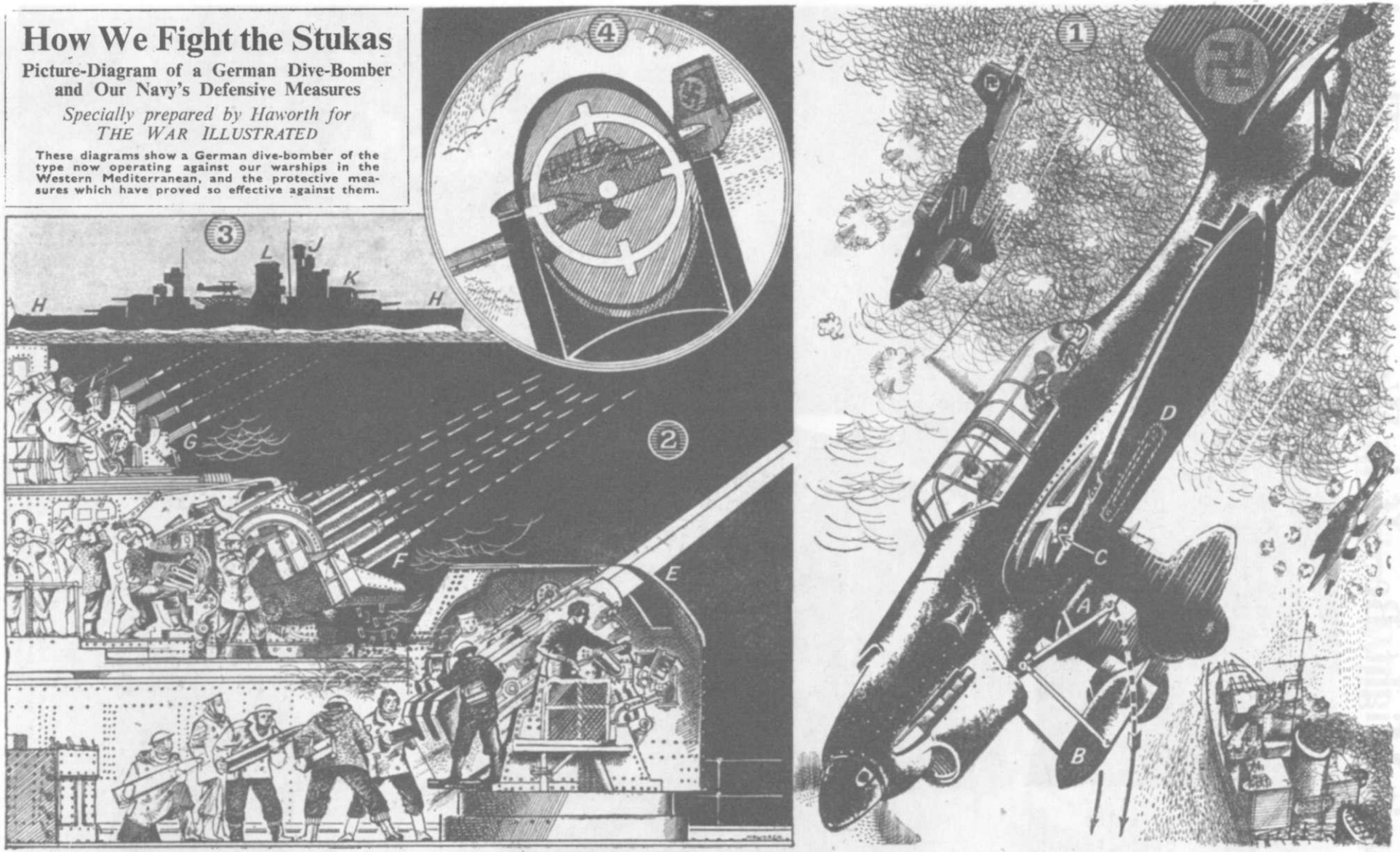
THEY MET THE NAZI, these men of the Welsh Guards, at Arras and elsewhere, and know they are his match. They are now preparing for the next bout, should the enemy land on our coast. But first he will have to face the fire of guns like the 6-in. seen (right) in action at a West-coast battery.

How We Fight the Stukas

Picture-Diagram of a German Dive-Bomber and Our Navy's Defensive Measures

Specially prepared by Haworth for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

These diagrams show a German dive-bomber of the type now operating against our warships in the Western Mediterranean, and the protective measures which have proved so effective against them.



JUNKERS JU.87 DIVE-BOMBERS, popularly known as "Stukas," are being used from Axis bases in Sicily against our naval craft in the Western Mediterranean.

The Ju.87 (Diagram 1) is an all metal two-seater, easily identified in front elevation by its cranked wings and sharp dihedral angle, and by its spatted non-retractable undercarriage legs. The main bomb-load —one 500 lb. or 1,000 lb. bomb (A)—is carried externally on two arms which at the end of the dive swing the released bomb (B) clear of the airscrew. Smaller bombs may be carried under each wing, but sometimes, as in the Norwegian campaign, their place is taken by extra petrol tanks to increase the range.

Although powered by a Junkers Jumo 211 engine of 1,150 h.p., the whole craft is so heavily built to withstand diving strain that it is comparatively slow. In either wing is a machine-gun (C) and the observer-wireless operator has a rear-firing swivel-mounted m.g. The dive attack is normally made from about 10,000 feet and carried out almost vertically. To limit the diving speed so as to improve the aim, the Stuka is fitted with special air-brakes (D), metal strips under the leading edge of the wings which are turned to oppose the air-stream as the 'plane dives.

Long before the war experts realized the menace of air attack, and warships were provided with means of defence (Diagram 2). The twin 4-in. guns (E) tackle the approaching bomber while it is still at a great height, but should the pilot evade these he finds himself faced by a wall of fire from the 2-pdr. pom-poms (F)—nicknamed the "Chicago piano"—which cover a very wide area with their deadly fire. Against low-flying aircraft similar batteries of heavy machine-guns (G) fill the air with lead. Diagram 3 shows the vulnerable points of a battleship attacked by dive-bombers: damage to lightly-armoured bow or stern (H) might reduce speed or impair manoeuvrability. (J) Control tower. (K) Main gun turrets. (L) A bomb down the funnel is a real nightmare to sailors.

Whenever ship-borne fighters such, for instance, as the Fairey Fulmar, are in the vicinity, the Ju.87, here seen through the modern reflection sighting apparatus (Diagram 4), will receive short shrift.

Many Fine New Ships for the Royal Navy

Rightly enough, a veil of secrecy shrouds the new ships which have been, or are being, added to Britain's Navy. Occasionally, however, the veil is lifted, as when we were shown H.M.S. King George V arriving in an American harbour, and many more of the ships mentioned below are no doubt in commission.

ALTHOUGH she has been in service for some time—for just how long has not been revealed—H.M.S. King George V made her debut before the world when she arrived at Annapolis, U.S.A., on January 24, with Lord Halifax, Britain's new Ambassador to the United States, on board.

H.M.S. King George V is one of five ships of her class, which together will form the first complete squadron of new capital ships to be added to the Royal Navy since the end of the Great War. With her sister ship, Prince of Wales, she was provided for in the Naval Estimates of 1936, and was laid down on January 1, 1937. The three other vessels, Duke of York, Jellicoe and Beatty, were also laid down in the same year—on May 5, July 20 and June 1 respectively, and it was stated at the time that all five ships would be completed in 1940 or 1941. They were actually launched in 1939: King George V on February 21, Prince of Wales on May 3, Duke of York on September 16, and Jellicoe and Beatty on November 11.

Each of the ships displaces 35,000 tons. They are driven by Parsons geared turbines developing 130,000 horse-power, giving a speed of over 30 knots. They are oil-fuelled with two funnels.

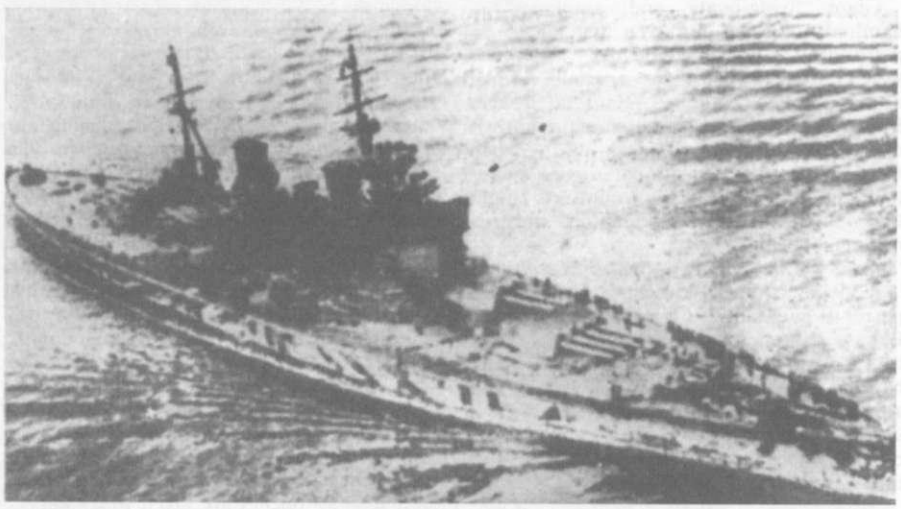
As regards armament, they have a main battery of ten 14-inch guns mounted in two quadruple and one double turrets. It is stated that these 14-inch guns are built on a new model and have an effective range greater than the 15-inch mounted in earlier battleships. The 14-inch shell weighs only 1,500 pounds compared with the 2,000 pounds shell of the 16-inch gun, but it is claimed that its penetrative power is as great and its power of destruction very little below that of the larger shell. Moreover, the 14-inch gun fires nearly three rounds a minute, which is more than the 16-inch can do. Thus in practice it is anticipated that the weight of metal discharged from the King George V's ten 14-inch guns would practically equal that from, say, the Rodney's nine 16-inch. Then each ship carries as secondary armament a battery of sixteen 5·25-inch guns, weapons which have only recently been introduced into the Royal Navy, being first mounted in cruisers of the Bonaventure class which were launched in 1939. They are also provided with a battery of 4·5-inch quick-firing guns, as well as a number of pom-poms and multiple machine-guns. No torpedo tubes are mounted, but there is accommodation for three aircraft. The fire control installation in each ship cost £213,000.

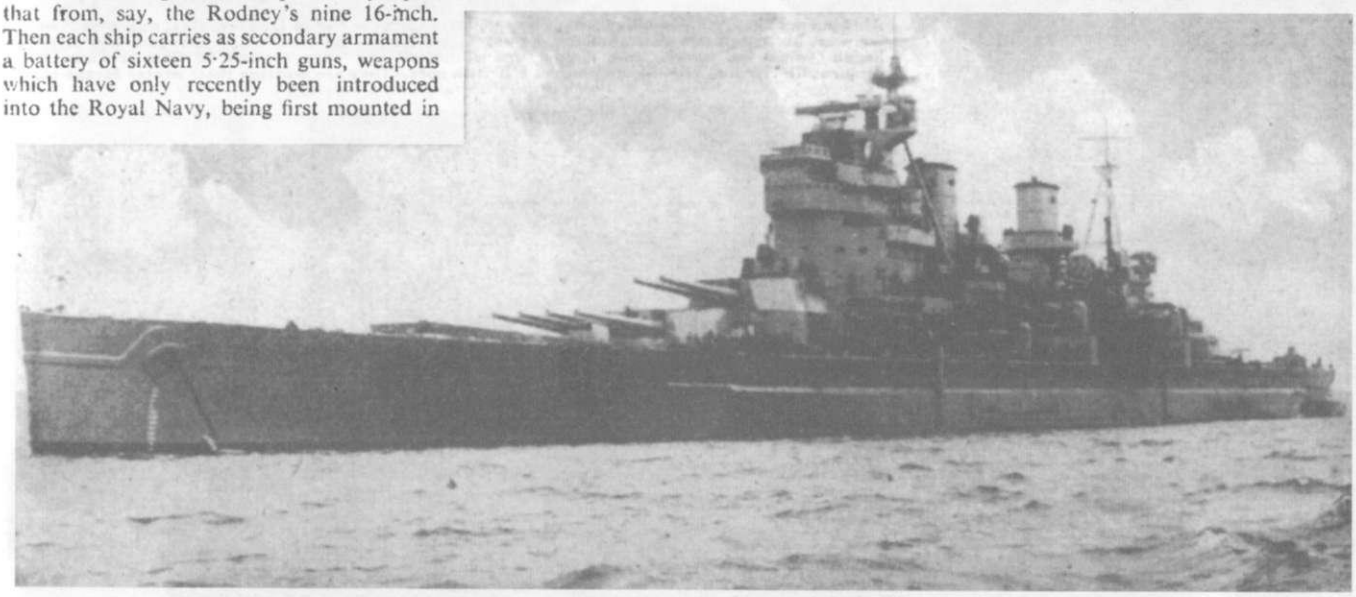
All the ships have been designed to meet intensive air attack, such as battleships of the last war never had to encounter. It has been stated that the weight of armour is over 14,000 tons, with a thickness at the water-line of 16 inches; and the distribution of deck and side armour and the system of underwater protection also represent a marked advance beyond previous practice.

King George V and each of her consorts has cost about £8,000,000; she carries a complement of 1,500.

In addition to the ships of the King George V class, Britain has four other battleships under construction—the Lion, Téméraire, and two others unnamed as yet of the same class. Their displacement will be about 40,000 tons, and their primary armament will be 16-inch guns. Then there are a number of cruisers in a more or less advanced stage of construction. Under the 1936-37 estimates provision was made for five cruisers of 5,450 tons (Dido, Euryalus, Naiad, Phoebe, Sirius); another five of 8,000 tons were provided for in the estimates of 1937-38 (Fiji, Kenya, Mauritius, Nigeria, Trinidad), and two of 5,450 tons (Bonaventure and Hermione); while under the 1938-39 estimates provision was made for four cruisers of 8,000 tons (Ceylon, Gambia, Jamaica and Uganda) and three of 5,450 tons (Charybdis, Cleopatra and Scylla). Under the 1939-40 estimates there are building or completing two more battleships of 40,000 tons, and four cruisers of 8,000 tons.

The construction of many other warships has been put in hand since the war, but naturally details have not been published.





H.M.S. KING GEORGE V. is seen, top, as she arrived in Chesapeake Bay on January 24, 1941, with Lord Halifax on board. The photograph was radioed from America. The lower photograph is the first to be released for publication.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Planet News

Canada 'Full Out' in the Air

In the last war Canada's greatest effort was made in the military field, and today her Army is the largest of the three services. But she has also a Navy of considerable size, while, as is told below, her effort in the air is already assuming tremendous proportions.

BEFORE the war the Royal Canadian Air Force had a permanent establishment of 635 officers and 5,500 airmen. Even by last November, however, it had increased to over 31,000 officers and men, and it gets larger every day. Squadrons of the R.C.A.F. have been serving in the United Kingdom for some time past, and more than 1,000 Canadians have enlisted in the R.A.F.

But although Canada is sending all available help eastwards across the Atlantic, she is by no means neglecting the security of her own seaboard. Both the Atlantic and the Pacific shores of the great Dominion are regularly patrolled by aircraft of the Canadian Air Force, which for this purpose is divided into two air commands, a Western and an Eastern.

The Western Air Command has under its close supervision the 600 miles of British Columbia coast; including the inlets, fiords, and the thousand islands which fringe the coast, the shore line to be patrolled extends more than 6,000 miles.

Giant flying-boats and seaplanes fly hundreds of miles out over the Pacific on patrol duty or guarding convoys. The pilots selected for this work are specially trained at the seaplane training school at Jericho Beach. The training includes practice patrols over 400 or 500 miles of ocean, during which the men take part in anti-submarine operations and convoy protection, and are taught the methods of ship recognition and sea reconnaissance.

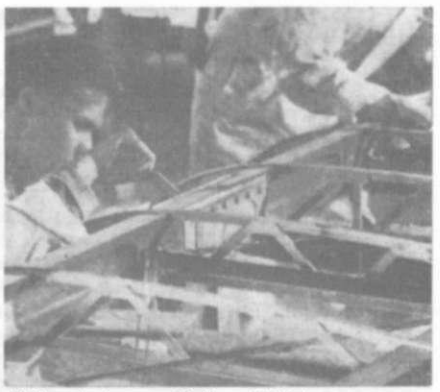
From the ice-bound waters of Newfoundland to the United States border a constant patrol is maintained by the aircraft of the Eastern Command of the R.C.A.F. They have to watch and guard the vital sea lanes between Canada and the British Isles; and although for the most part their work is unseen, they rapidly make their presence known to every ship which appears within 700 miles or so of the Canadian coast. Every convoy which puts to sea to England is protected by a squadron of the Eastern Command, and before the ships leave harbour the waters outside are subjected to a search from the air.

The aircraft used are mainly land 'planes, although they may have to spend a day at sea, at times, hundreds of miles from land. A report from a fishing boat of a suspicious-looking craft may entail a flight of thousands of miles. At the Command headquarters the pilots and observers are trained most carefully in the art of ship identification, and the men employed are well-seasoned fellows of long service, qualified naval officers, and gunnery and armament experts.

'Host' of the Empire's Airmen

Canada is the home, or, as Mr. Vincent Massey, Canada's High Commissioner for London, has put it, the host, of the great Empire Air Training Scheme—that plan which was first announced in the House of Commons by Sir Kingsley Wood on December 10, 1939, and is now far ahead of schedule. "The buildings and aerodromes which were due to be completed in 1941 were all finished last year," said Mr. Massey on January 22. "Instead of 33 training schools, scheduled to be operating last month, there are 48. The large number of officers and airmen in training at the end of the year exceeded by over a third the strength anticipated at that time."

Canada is bearing most of the initial cost, but will be reimbursed by Britain, Australia and New Zealand on the basis of the number of airmen trained. Most of the latter will be trained in Canada—the instructors coming for the most part from the United Kingdom—but contingents are arriving in Canada from Great Britain and the two Dominions. New Zealand gives elementary training to her men, but Australia provides both elementary and advanced training; in both cases, however, the finishing touches are given in Canada.



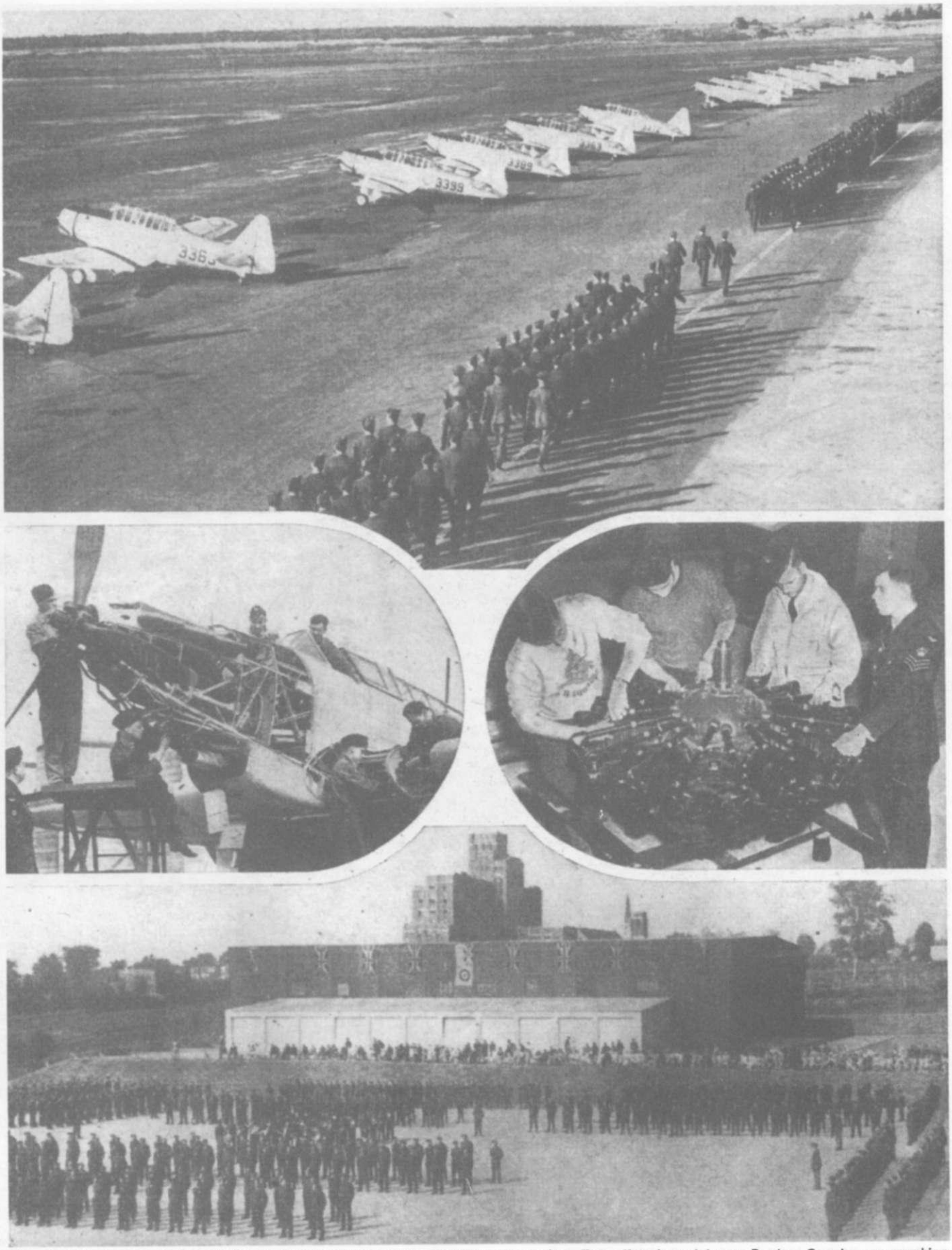
"Canada is now 'full out' in her war programme," said the Hon. Vincent Massey on January 22. Students from Canadian technical schools are here seen assembling wings.
Photo, Planet News

The Scheme in Canada has four commands, at Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, and Regina. Each command has an initial flying school and observers' school, and others for bombing, radio, gunnery, navigation and engineering. At Trenton, Ontario, is the central training school for flying, where instructors are turned out. When the Scheme is in full swing 4,000 aeroplanes, it is estimated, will be in constant use, and of these 1,282 are being manufactured in Canada except for the engines, and 593 in the United States. The aircraft are being standardized on six types of machines—the fleet trainers, the De Havilland Tiger Moth, the Avro Anson, the North American Harvard, the Fairey Battle, and the Noorduyn Norseman. When fully working the Empire Air Training Scheme will produce no fewer than 20,000 pilots and 3,000 air crews a year.

Not all the men Canada is training to win supremacy in the air for the British Commonwealth are British citizens. Just before Christmas Mr. L. Brockington, Counsellor to the War Committee of the Canadian Cabinet, told an audience of New York business men that 10,000 citizens of the U.S.A. had volunteered for training with the R.A.F. in Canada since last May, and that 2,520 of them had so far been accepted. "They have come," said Mr. Brockington, "to help us as volunteers of their own free will, from all over the country."

Air Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, passing through Ottawa at the end of January, 1941, said that "what we want in Britain are vast numbers of your highly-trained airmen." The response had already begun when he spoke, and below are some of the men trained in Canada under the Empire Air Training Scheme arriving at a British port. They are wearing their winter forage caps.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

In the Home of the Empire Air Training Scheme



Canada is the home or host of the Empire Training Scheme now producing great results. Top, pilots in training at Borden, Canada, are marching past a line of Yale intermediate training 'planes after the presentation of wings to a group of non-commissioned pilots. Left centre, mechanics are at work assembling one of the Fairey Battle 'planes shipped from England for training purposes. Centre right, recruits are learning the working of an engine. Above, a class of ground wireless operators is drawn up at No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal. *Photos, Exclusive to* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Behind an Actual Barrage of Bursting Shells Britain's New Army

'Rat-Catching Terriers' on the U-Boat Trail

Much has been written of the "greyhounds of the Fleet," as the motor torpedo-boats, destroyers and light cruisers have all been called at one time or another. But now meet the "rat-catching terriers" of the Navy—the trawlers—the little ships that the U-boats most certainly do not like.

ALL around the coast of Britain, and way out into the stormy winter Atlantic, the trawlers are busy today—small, squat-looking craft, doing one of the biggest jobs of the present phase of the war. Every day, in all kinds of weather, you will find them sweeping the mines, hunting the U-boat and guarding the convoys which bring home Britain's bacon. On them falls much of the responsibility of seeing that the people of these Islands are fed, that the raw materials reach the war machine, and that British trade carries on.

By Necessity out of Fishing Fleet is the humble pedigree of the Anti-Submarine Trawlers, but to Britain today they are almost worth their weight in gold. Along all the sea lanes of the Empire plod these terriers of the sea, "sniffing" with their amazing super-hydrophones for the lurking U-boat, and when they find him, smashing at him relentlessly with their depth charges.

To the casual eye the anti-submarine trawler is much the same ship as she was in times of peace, when fish instead of U-boats were in the catch. But now there is a steel platform carrying the main gun forward, with light anti-aircraft guns aft and beside the bridge to fight off attacking 'planes; and, most important of all, the rows of depth charges right aft forming the sting in the tail which the U-boats have learned to fear. Below decks there are similar changes. Where once the cargoes of fish were stored there have been built the quarters for the officers and men and the fitting of the anti-submarine gear.

The crews, too, are changed. These small craft are now mainly commanded by lieutenants of the Royal Naval Reserve and Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, some of them men who have come recently from the Merchant Service, but many of them men who "swallowed the anchor" years ago and started life anew on shore, or else have been yachtsmen who devoted their leisure hours in the years of peace to training themselves for the Navy in the R.N.V.R. These are the men with the wavy bands of gold braid on their sleeves. These trawler commanding officers are in turn training up to command their junior officers who come from all walks of life, but all with the common bond of the sea in their blood. In the ward-rooms of the trawler fleets are to be found officers who have been architects, journalists, engineers, advertising experts, business managers; men whose ages range from 19 to 40.

Here are youngsters who talk casually of the dive-bombers which strafed them in the Norwegian fiords or at Dunkirk, men already wise in the ways of the sea and confident in the exercise of authority and initiative. For it is in these small ships that initiative and the power of decision are at a premium. On the lower deck it is much the same story. Here, likewise, are men from the shore, though with a good leavening of men who were seamen and fishermen in the days of peace.

Hunting submarines is their job, and they like it. Their talk is constantly about past hunts and hunts to come, of U-boats which their ship has attacked and U-boats they are convinced they have sunk, even though the imprimatur of the Admiralty experts, who study the evidence, may not have been placed on some of the victories claimed. Champion of the trawler fleet at present is a ship which has two U-boats to her credit; soon she may be seen sporting a couple of proud though, strictly speaking, unorthodox gold stars on her funnel.

Competition is keen. Every man is on his toes for that report from the upper bridge that a U-boat has been located, and the ship swings round to go into the attack. Up goes the flag which signals that a U-boat is in the trap. Round swing other trawlers, straining to be in at the kill.

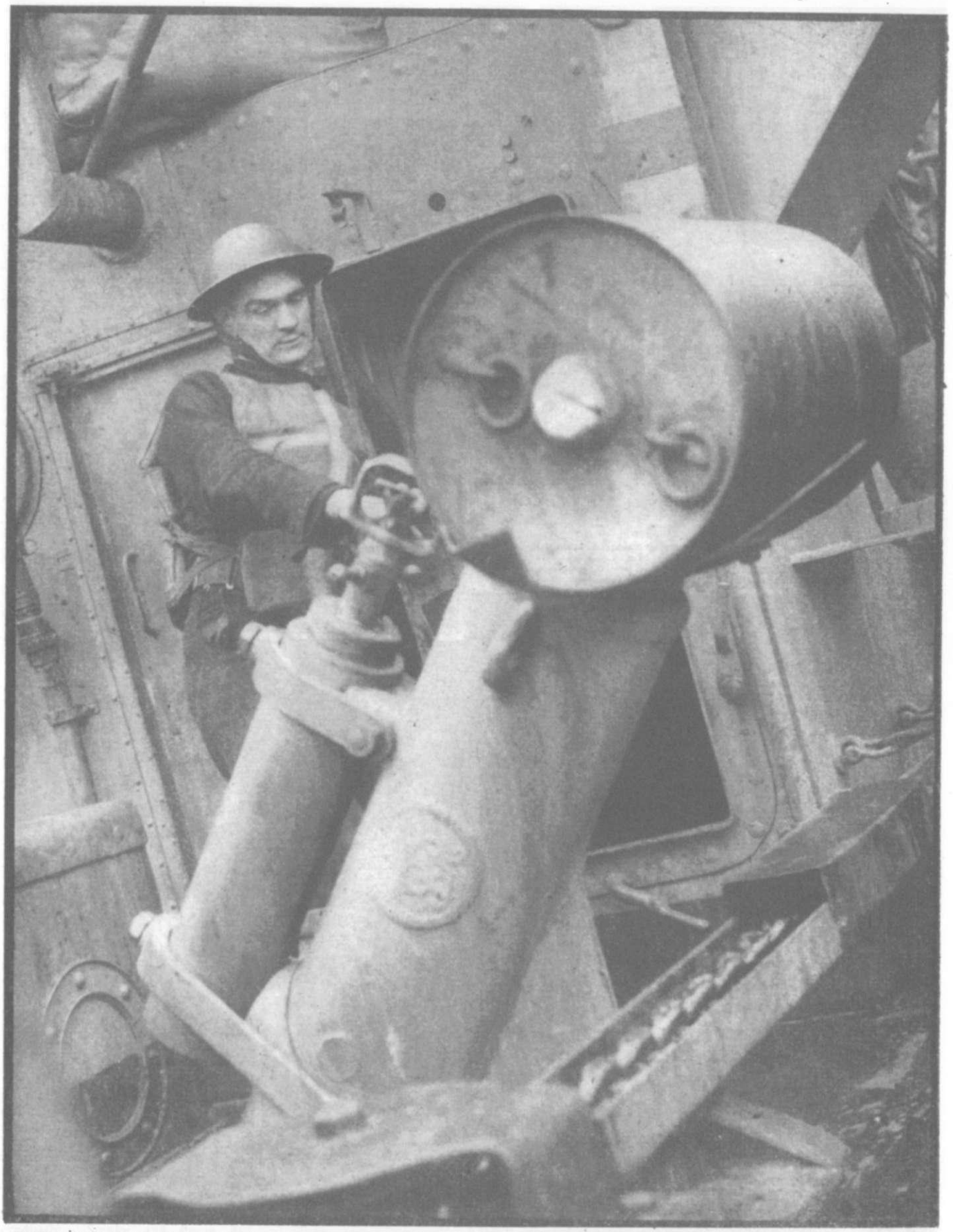
Like terriers running eagerly round a rat hole they jockey for position and make their run in to drop their depth charges on the U-boat. Should such encouraging signs as oil and air bubbles rising to the surface appear, there is as likely as not a terrific argument between the crews of the trawlers taking part in the attack as to who struck the probable deathblow.

Such is the hour for which these men of the trawler fleet live, though, for the main, their life is one of dull and hard hours, days and weeks of hunting or escort duty around the coasts of Britain or out into wide waters of the Atlantic.

Occasionally the monotony may be broken by a fine feat of rescue or salvage, should a U-boat slip through the cordon and strike home against a merchantman; or a bombing attack with the trawlermen standing to their light anti-aircraft guns and hoping that those German 'planes overhead will come low enough to collect a packet. Without much limelight and with little kudos, these sea-terriers are carrying on one of the most vital jobs of the day—and liking it.

HUNTING NAZI SUBMARINES and sweeping mines are among the tasks of many of the trawlers that in peacetime brought their catches of herrings to the East Coast ports. Above, a trawler is leaving port for patrol duty. Top right: the scene in the engine-room, the danger spot in any ship in wartime and, in one of these small craft, always very cramped quarters. *Photos, Fox*

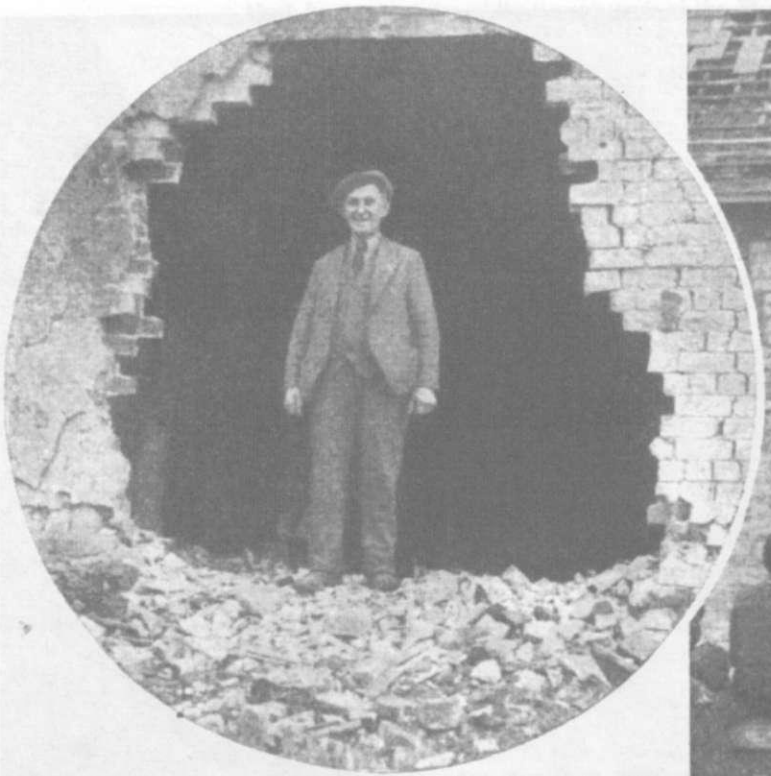
Overboard Goes a Present for the Enemy Below



DEPTH CHARGES are the deadly offensive weapons of the U-Boat hunting trawlers. Here one of the crew is standing by to release the charge after an enemy submarine has been located. When depth charges are dropped the utmost speed must be got out of the ship in order that it may get clear of the explosion. It is then that the men in the engine-room (see opposite) get more power out of their engines than they were ever meant to achieve.

Photo, Fox

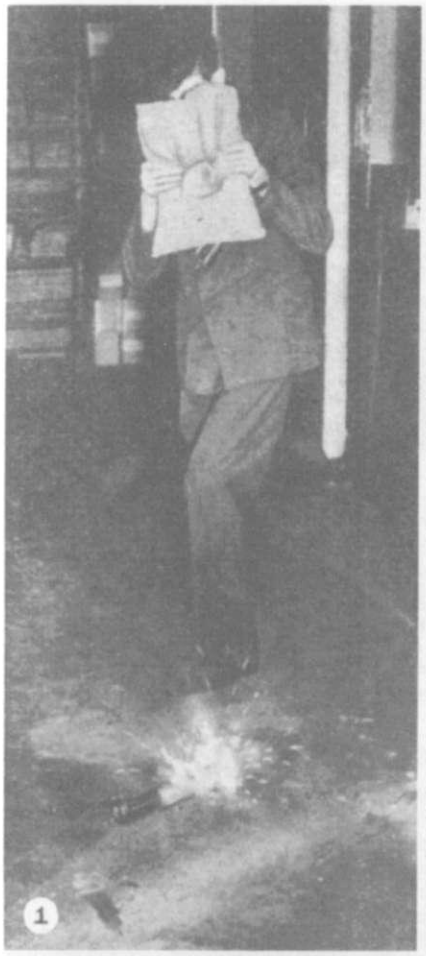
After Fire Bombs Were Rained on Plymouth



There were many lucky escapes during the air raid on Plymouth on the night of January 13, 1941. Above, the owner of a house stands in a hole made in the front room when a high explosive bomb dropped near by. He was in the room at the time but did not receive a scratch.

Plymouth school children, top right, are watching, not perhaps with unmixed feelings, workmen clearing debris from their bombed school. Below, some of the bombed-out children are being amused so as to keep their minds off their terrible experience. *Photos, L.N.A.*

This Is the Way to Deal With 'Incendiaries'



Sandbags on the kerb are now common objects in the streets of London. Here is one in a Westminster street ready for any passer-by to use if he spots an incendiary bomb.

ALL able-bodied men who are not in the Forces, and boys too, may be called upon to deal with incendiary bombs. As with many ailments, so with incendiaries, the important point is that they should be "taken in time." Three of the photographs in this page show how to do it with sandbag or stirrup-pump.

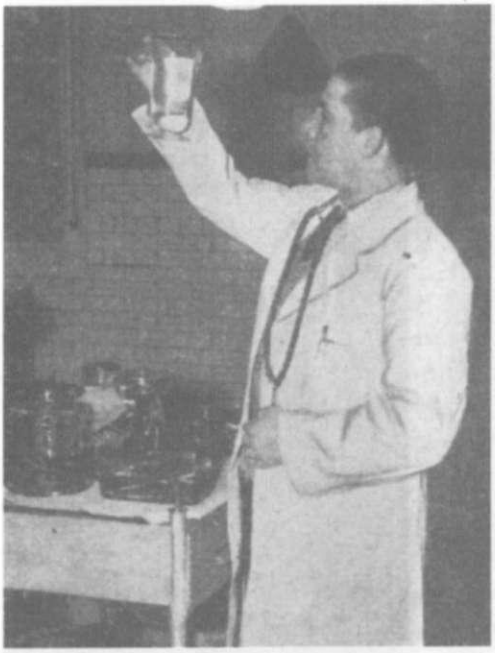
(1) Approach a fire-bomb holding a half-filled sandbag to protect the face and body. When within reach throw the sandbag on the bomb. (2) This is how the nozzle of a stirrup-pump should be held to spray a bomb. Smoke can be avoided by keeping close to the ground. (3) If a fire has started in a room open the door gradually. Smoke and flame may rush out. Keep close to the ground; the air is fresher there.

Photos, Ministry of Information

Boy Scouts (left), trained as fire watchers and fighters, live up to their motto: "Be prepared." Above, a spotter Scout sounds the alarm on a dust-bin lid.

Photos, Keystone and Planet News

Their Bravery Has Not Gone Unrecognized



DR. ANDRE BATHFIELD

George Medal for gallantry and devotion to duty when the Royal Chest Hospital, London, of which he is resident M.O., was bombed. The in-patient block was almost demolished, patients and staff being covered with debris; but though Dr. Bathfield had been badly cut and was bleeding profusely, he joined in the rescue work and refused to have his own injuries attended to until every injured person in the building had been treated and removed.

NORMAN TUNNA

George Cross for gallantry during a raid on the Liverpool port area. Tunna, a 32-year-old railway shunter, of Birkenhead, saw two incendiaries burning on an open wagonload of 250-lb. bombs, which were covered only by a waterproof sheet. With a total disregard of danger, he tore off the waterproof sheet and sprayed water over the bombs to cool them. Then he extinguished the incendiaries and removed them from the truck. "We really had no time to feel scared," he modestly explained, "because of the excitement."

MISS C. McGOVERN

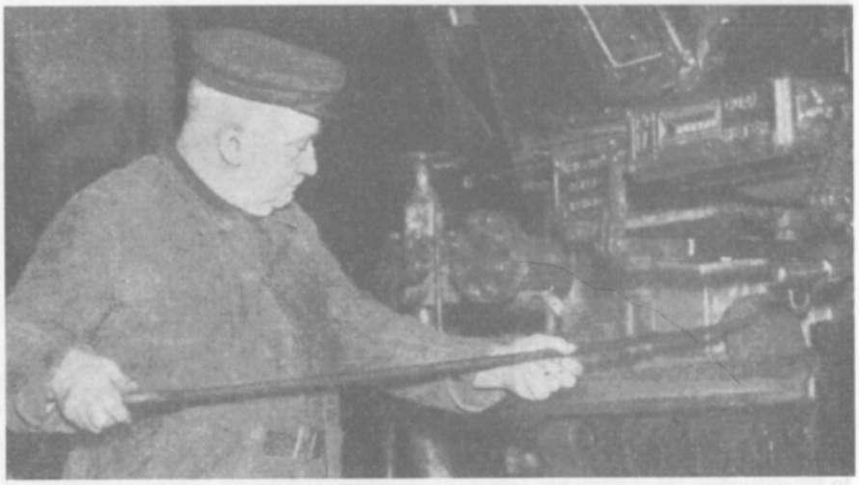
George Medal for devotion to duty when a heavy bomb hit the Royal Chest Hospital, London, while she was acting for the matron. Badly cut and injured by falling debris, Miss McGovern, altogether oblivious to her own wounds, continued to help in the removal of injured patients and staff. Then, supported by a police constable, she went through the ruined building to make certain that nobody had been left behind.

PETER DEREK WILLERINGHAUS

Mentioned in dispatches for gallantry under enemy action, is a 16-year-old member of the Home Guard. In October, 1940, Willeringhaus was carrying an important dispatch between the H.Q.s of two Home Guard units during an air raid, when a bomb fell about 10 yards from his motor-cycle, lifting machine and rider into the air. Despite wounds in the head, legs and hands, the young dispatch-rider delivered his message on foot before going to a first-aid post to have his wounds seen to.

MISS EVELYN HARMER

O.B.E. (Civil Division) for staying at her switchboard and transmitting messages for three hours during a raid on Southampton, though fully aware that delayed-action bombs had fallen in the vicinity. One exploded within 100 yards of the office. Miss Harmer, who stated: "All I was concerned about was doing the job I had been asked to do," is only 16.



WILLIAM PENDLE

George Medal for devotion to duty when the Hospital for Sick Children, Gt. Ormond Street, London, was bombed. The explosion shattered the furnaces and burst gas and water mains. Pendle, who is the stoker, calmly proceeded to draw his fires, shut off steam, and made everything as safe as possible, although bombs were falling and water was swirling up to his waist.

Photos: "Daily Mirror," Associated Press, Planet News, Topical Press, Fox, G.P.U.

At Dead of Night the Greeks Charged to Victory

Defeated in battle after battle in North Africa; defeated in Eritrea, their oldest colony, and defeated, too, in the war of outposts on the Abyssinian frontier—the Italians continued to be defeated in that war zone where the bubble of their military reputation was pricked. Below we tell of some further remarkable successes by the Greeks on the Albanian front.

ATHENS was filled with sad faces on January 29, when the news spread through the streets and cafés that General Metaxas, Greece's Prime Minister, had died at 6.20 that morning. He had been indisposed, it transpired, for some weeks, but even when it was announced that he was about to have an operation for throat trouble, it was confidently expected that his strong constitution would carry him through. Indeed, only a few days before he died, he had a consultation in Athens with General Wavell, who found him apparently his old self.

So on a bitterly cold January day the streets of the Greek capital were lined with silent crowds and members of the Neolaia, the Metaxas youth movement, as the body of the old statesman was taken on a gun-carriage to lie in state at the cathedral. Metaxas was dead, but his fame will endure as the captain of Greece when the little country took the tremendous decision to stand up to Mussolini. A few hours after the Premier's death a successor was found in the person of M. Alexander Korizis, Governor of the National Bank of Greece and formerly Minister of Social Welfare in several of General Metaxas' cabinets. M. Korizis pledged himself to continue his old leader's policy of victory over the foreign aggressor and of social progress. The rest of General Metaxas' cabinet continued in office.

GENERAL METAXAS, Prime Minister of Greece since 1936, whose death on January 29 deprived his country of a great leader. M. Alexander Korizis (inset) succeeds him.

Both Rome and Berlin would have liked to believe that the death of the great Greek leader would have its repercussion in a slackening of Greece's fighting spirit. From Rome, indeed, there was broadcast the story that General Metaxas had died in the midst of a revolt of the infuriated Athenian population! In fact, however, Greece was united as she had never been before in her history as a kingdom. Spokesmen of the Axis renewed their suggestions that Greece might now seize the opportunity of seeking peace with Italy, but such suggestions were scouted amongst the Greeks themselves. Their war aim remained what it had always been—to remove completely the menace of Italian aggression. And that, indeed, was what the Greek troops were engaged in doing in the snowbound mountains of Albania.

In the belief that the death of Metaxas had dispirited the Greeks, General Cavallero, who had just succeeded the unsuccessful General Soddu as commander of the Italian army in Albania, launched a number of heavy counter-attacks in the central area of the front. "The Italian counter-attacks," said the war correspondent of the Greek newspaper "Estia," quoted by Reuter, "were very severe, being supported by huge reinforcements of troops, heavy artillery, large mortars and many tanks. The Greeks smashed them all, and then launched their counter-offensive. I followed this magnificent feat of arms and saw detachments climbing up those dangerous mountains in the dead of night, dragging their artillery with them up on to the seemingly unscalable peaks."

This general map of Albania shows the various towns and villages mentioned in the communiqués telling of hard fighting near Tepelini.
By courtesy of "The Times"

"One of the Greek attacks," went on the correspondent, "against a particular height was made before dawn in a fog, with snow falling heavily. The thunder of guns rolling into the night took the Italians completely by surprise, for they never imagined heavy artillery could have been hauled up so high and with such secrecy. The mist was transformed into a flaming cloud. Then our infantry charged with their resounding war cry through the fire of Italian mortars, and swept across every obstacle, carrying one height by storm and rushing on to the next. On the other side of the mountain fresh Greek detachments were coming up and threatening the rear of the enemy. The Italians then broke and ran in great confusion down the western slopes of the range, leaving in our hands 200 prisoners, guns, mortars, rifles and much valuable war material."

About the same time the Greek army scored another considerable success in the coastal area, where, as on the Tepelini front, the Italians threw their strong forces into a large-scale counter-attack. They received what was described as being the severest thrashing they had had since General Cavallero assumed command. Having suffered terrible losses—reported to be twenty to one as compared with the Greeks—they retreated in disorder, and were quite unable to re-form their broken ranks. After pursuing the enemy beyond their original positions the Greeks seized a line of peaks, 5,000 feet high, from which they dominated the whole area to the north.

WINTER IN ALBANIA has made the passes and roads extremely difficult for Greek transport. In spite of the heavy snow the Greeks have inexorably pushed on, and their latest gains have been achieved in the Klisura sector, where Italian counter-attacks have been crushed. These Greek women of the Epirus have swept the road free for their countrymen to advance.
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; and Planet News

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR

Australia's Aircraft Proposals

A SCHEME is on foot in Australia to submit plans for transferring from the "old country" to the Commonwealth a large part of the plant for manufacturing aeroplanes, together with staff, workmen and perhaps the wives and families. The object of this transference would be threefold: (1) to prevent interruption of manufacture due to enemy activity; (2) to relieve Britain of the problem of feeding workers in one of the great vital industries; and (3) to enable Australia to produce many more varieties of aircraft, instead of the two or three to which she is at present limited. Were heavy long-range types produced, such as bombers and reconnaissance machines, they could be flown to the war area. Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister, who sponsors the scheme, takes the view that the war is going to be a protracted affair, and that even if all aircraft factories were transferred to Australia, the Empire output would, in the long run, be enormously augmented.

COUNT CIANO, Mussolini's son-in-law and Italy's Foreign Minister, is a Lieut-Colonel of the Italian Air Force. On January 27 Rome announced that he had resumed command of the "Disperata" ("Do or Die") bomber unit. It was in command of this squadron that he gained a reputation for bombing Abyssinian natives.

Photo, Planet News

Diamond Smuggling Up-to-Date

BRAZIL is the setting for the large-scale activities of a diamond-running organization said to be directed by the German ambassador, Herr Kurt Pruefer. The British ambassador, Sir Geoffrey Knox, is reported to have made representations to the Brazilian Government to the effect that Nazi agents are paying very high prices for the entire output of the diamond mines, and Pruefer is causing the stones to be smuggled out of the country in the German diplomatic bag, which is then flown to Rome in Italian 'planes of the Lati service, and thence reaches Germany. It has been stated that were Germany prevented from cornering the Brazilian market—South African supplies are naturally cut off—the Nazi war machine would come to a stop in a matter of a few months. The British Ministry of Economic Warfare has long been aware of the illegal traffic and is said to have the matter well in hand.

Measure to Prevent Speculation

LORD REITH, Minister of Works and Buildings, has taken the wise and far-seeing precaution of setting up a committee of experts, headed by Mr. Justice Uthwatt, whose job it will be to examine the question of compensation for sites in bombed areas. The intention is to prevent post-war reconstruction being hampered or held up by land speculation, and the Committee will make it a matter of urgency to advise upon steps to be taken perhaps immediately, at any rate before the end of the war. From the Minister's statement to the House of Lords it would appear that unscrupulous speculators have already been at work buying up bombed land in order to re-sell later at a large profit to themselves, and so to penalize still further an already suffering community.

Rioting Reported in Italy

UNCONFIRMED reports of disturbances in Milan, Turin and other towns of Northern Italy were first sent out from Belgrade on January 26. German soldiers, it was said, were being forced to patrol the streets to prevent or suppress demonstrations. According to one report three Italian officers had been shot by these troops, and there were many other dead and hundreds wounded. Agents of the Gestapo were supposed to have seized the Post Office, telephone and telegraph buildings at Milan, as well as similar important centres in other cities. On January 28 serious rioting was reported from Trieste, following anti-Fascist and anti-German demonstrations made by factory workers. Travellers who reached Yugoslavia gave accounts of fights between strikers at the Lloyd Triestino workshops and Fascist militia, the workers shouting "Down with Germany! Down with the war!" One who guyed Mussolini in speech and attitude was shot by a soldier, who himself was promptly lynched by the infuriated workers. Thereupon the soldiers fired upon the crowd, and there were hundreds of casualties and arrests.

Britain Will Win, says America

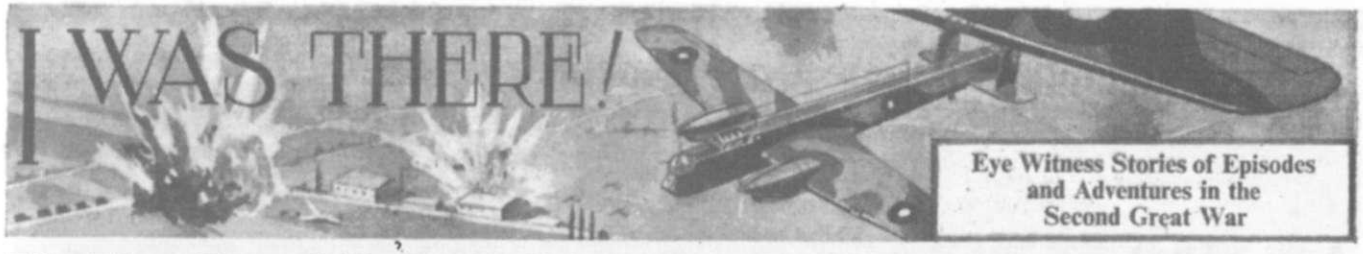
COLONEL LINDBERGH'S implied conviction that Britain cannot defeat Germany, and that anyhow it would be better if neither side won, has roused a storm of protest from Americans both on the far side of the Atlantic and elsewhere. Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, famous New York banker, derides Nazi invincibility. "I am impatient with all this talk that Great Britain at best can never defeat Germany," he told the Merchants' Association. "I say that Germany can be beaten, that she is being beaten, and that she will be beaten." Admiral Leahy, United States ambassador to France, addressed American Press representatives at Vichy in the following terms: "I have noted that a certain Belgian newspaper published a statement to the effect that the American ambassador to France is of the opinion that the British will be defeated in the present war. In the interests of truth and accuracy, I should like to take this opportunity to say that the aforesaid Belgian report is completely false. My personal opinion is that the British Government can and will prosecute the present war to a successful conclusion." Mr. Henry Stimson, U.S. Secretary for War, declared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on January 29 that the probability of victory for Great Britain would be "overwhelming" if she were able to withstand the crisis of the spring and summer of 1941. General George Marshall, U.S. Chief of Staff, expressed his firm belief that Great Britain can and will withstand it.

American 'Live Wire' in London

MR. WENDELL WILLKIE, unsuccessful candidate for the American Presidency, arrived in London on January 16 on a visit to "find out for himself." He declined to answer any questions or to discuss the relations of America and Britain. "I have come over to look and not to talk, and I have not had an opportunity of looking yet," he said. Since that day Mr. Willkie has had a very busy time "looking" and meeting Britain's most prominent leaders of thought and action. On his first day, January 27, he visited the Ministry of Information, had an interview with Mr. Anthony Eden, toured the City, lunched with the Prime Minister, had a long talk with Mr. Bevin at the Ministry of Labour, and dined with Lord and Lady Stamp. Since then he has experienced his first air raid, visited the Bank of England and had a talk with Mr. Montagu Norman, listened to debates in the House of Commons, called on Cardinal Hinsley, made a tour of London's shelters, attended a meeting of the T.U.C., and met a number of Ministers and General Sikorski. Mr. Willkie was received by King George after visiting some of the provincial centres and Eire—and so home to America to tell them how Britain is facing critical days.

MR. WENDELL WILLKIE arrived in this country on January 26 for a personal investigation of wartime Britain. He is seen at the Home Office preparing for a visit to London shelters during a night raid. "I have come to get all the information I can," Mr. Willkie declared.

Photo, "Daily Herald"



We Flew Round Padua's Spires & Chimneys

On January 12, 1941, a "small force" of aircraft of the Bomber Command was dispatched to bomb the oil refineries at Porto Marghera, near Venice. The Wing Commander who led the attack brought back a remarkable story of low-level flying over enemy territory, which we give below in his own words.

BY the time we got to the Alps the valleys were just beginning to fill with fog, but the peaks stood out in the moonlight as clear as though it were day. The plains of Lombardy also were covered by fog. Then as we neared the Adriatic coast the fog disappeared, and when we got to Venice it was again like day.

I had more or less made up my mind all along to go down low, and the moment we got over the Alps I had started losing height. Over Venice we circled round to draw their fire and see how much there was. They had quite a lot of light stuff. Some of it was getting pretty accurate towards the end. Having seen how much there was I decided to go right down. We flew over Mestre, whistling among the chimneys. There was a sort of fort or citadel outside Mestre, and two sentries standing on the ramparts had a crack at us. We could see them standing up with levelled rifles. I had given orders to the front and rear gunners that they were to fire back at anybody who fired at us, and they opened up on the sentries.

The time now was round about 2 a.m., yet it was so light that one could see people in the street. I heaved the aircraft over a couple of factory chimney stacks; then we started to climb to do the bombing. We went up to 700 feet. We were carrying one of our heaviest bombs; and when it burst it very nearly blew us out of the air. The bomb landed either on or beside a large building with a lot of pipes all round it. There was a colossal belt of smoke and flame which shot up almost level with the aircraft. The smoke died away, but the flames persisted. Then there were a couple of great explosions. We went round again and dropped the other bomb in the middle of the flame, adding to it by half as much again.

I knew of an aerodrome about 20 miles away at Padua, so we went whistling along the railway tracks at about "nought" feet to find it. We passed three trains on the way. We were flying right alongside them.

We flew over Padua itself, again doing tight turns round the chimneys and church spires, and having dropped our leaflets there we flew on to Padua Aerodrome, where the front and rear gunners let fly, left, right, and centre at the hangars.

We streaked across the aerodrome at 20 ft. We could see there were no aircraft dispersed around the aerodrome, so we assumed that they were in the hangars.

Immediately we came on to the scene the aerodrome defences opened up on us. Tracer was flying alongside almost parallel with us. I was dodging behind the trees to get cover.

I had wanted to have a crack at another aerodrome, but there was not much time left and we'd got the Alps to cross again, so we left it at that and came away.

I hadn't given any instructions to the others in my squadron about going down low, but I had dropped a few hints, and they all went down over the Porto Marghera.

One of them made three bombing runs, the first at 9,000 ft. But he got tired of that and came down to 1,500, and on the third run he was down to 1,000. He said that he was using the smoke from fires already burning as cover from the ground defences.

He got direct hits on a refinery building, and one of his crew said that the whole place seemed to go up in smoke. They were so low that the smoke got inside the aircraft and made some of them splutter.

Altogether, we reckoned it was worth going almost 1,500 miles to do the job.

PADUA, twenty-two miles west of Venice, was recently "visited" by the R.A.F. when the aerodrome was attacked and leaflets dropped on the city. An account of the flight is given in this page. Taken from the Observatory, this view of the city shows the Cathedral on the right. Padua has a population of over 100,000. *Photo. E.N.A.*

Nineteen of My Men Died of Exposure

The conferment of the O.B.E. on Capt. R. G. Hammett and the award of the George Medal to his second officer, Mr. E. L. Barnes, announced on January 7, 1941, were in recognition of their "high courage and endurance" after their ship had been torpedoed and sunk in the Atlantic. Capt. Hammett's own story is given below.

WHEN the announcement of his award was made Capt. Hammett was still recovering from his ordeal of thirteen days' sailing in an open boat. He said:

The Germans torpedoed us and then put twelve shells into us.

One boat, an open eighteen-footer with sail, was left for the twenty-nine of us. I reckoned we had to cover about 150 miles to land. I had sent out an S O S before the ship sank, but there was no reply. So we could only sail for it.

I had seen that there was plenty of food. The water would have been enough for the normal number the boat should have carried, but I had extra men and the supply ran short.

For the first five days we had to live "on our constitutions," the water just serving to moisten our lips and tongues.

Then we ran into a gale which continued for the rest of the trip. We got waterlogged, and during the whole time everybody was wet through.

Altogether nineteen of my men died. They had died from exposure and lack of water.

For the whole trip I had just to let the boat go with the wind, and I reckon the distance we covered in those thirteen and a half days was about 1,300 miles.

When we reached shore we still had on board 28 lb. of biscuits, a 7 lb. tin of beef, and six tins out of twenty-six tins of condensed milk. We had used the milk to eke out the water. Every day I used to get the men to take a lick from a wooden spoon.

Two days after we were torpedoed we sighted a steamer, but she took no notice of us. Then, after nine days, when we were all feeling pretty down, another steamer passed quite close, but did not see us.

On the twelfth day I made land early in the morning, after lying to in a gale. All went to take a pull at the oars, but we were too weak, and I lost sight of the land.

But on the thirteenth day I made it again, and we at last beached at a little place called Northton in the Hebrides. Crofters found us and took care of us.

I can't describe the fortitude of my men. They were a fine lot.—"*Sunday Express*"

I WAS THERE!

My Nightmare Climb near Tepelini

Difficulties of terrain and weather in the mountainous Greek front line above Tepelini would seem to make fighting almost impossible. The feats performed daily by muleteers and ambulance parties serving the troops are described in the following dispatch by Ronald Monson, of the Australian Consolidated Press.

AFTER arriving in the foothills above Tepelini via the valley road from Argyrokastro I rode a captured Italian motor-cycle over a shell-torn road to a point where further progress was impossible and then procured a mule and rode with a supply train up the mountain side in darkness.

The way was soon so steep I had to dismount and urge the mule upwards. Fifty other muleteers in single file ahead strove throughout the night to assist their burdened beasts up the backbreaking slopes which at times seemed almost sheer walls of rock.

Intense cold sleet and Italian shells screaming overhead did not make the job easier. But the Greek muleteers, seemingly untiring, did not pause for breath that long night, and I had to toil along lest I should be left behind. The rate of the climb was phenomenal and my lungs seemed as if they would burst. Even the sides of the mules were heaving like bellows before we were halfway.

We reached a rough track after climbing over rocks, and we followed this upward for a 200-foot rock wall. When we got to the top I saw dark shapes preparing to climb down the way we had come. They were stretcher-bearers carrying wounded. They had been carrying wounded from the snowline since the previous day and were now preparing to go down into the valley.

We loaded off at a deserted Albanian village on top of that mountain, which just reached the snowline. Next morning we reloaded fresh mules and our real job began —a climb up through the snow. The path was now even steeper. Snow was falling steadily ; a cold wind was blowing.

At 5,000 feet a blizzard struck us. Our greatcoats became sheets of ice ; our eyebrows, weighted down with snow, froze to our eyelids. Hands and feet were numb. Still the awful climb continued.

For hours we went on through the awesome cloud wrack from which the merging snow created a phantom world, wherein only the sting of driving sleet in the eyes and aching muscles seemed real. Another 500 feet and we reached the artillery positions. A little farther on was a line of tiny tents just showing above the snow. We had reached the front line.

IN SOUTHERN ALBANIA few roads are now as passable as this, but the untiring Greek muleteers can get supplies up the trackless mountain-sides even in darkness.
Photo, Sport & General

hours. Occasionally we stumbled over a dead mule which had fallen in one of the earlier trips and lay across the path. One of our mules fell dead from exhaustion. We divided its load among the others.

Finally the nightmare was ended by climbing what seemed in the darkness to be

Greeks Carried Me over the Mountains

Onlookers who saw a British bomber in flames over the Italian lines in Southern Albania gave up the entire crew as lost, but twelve days later the pilot and observer turned up at their base. Here we give the story in the words of the pilot, a 23-year-old Flight Lieutenant.

SITTING up in bed, his leg and arm in splints, the Flight Lieutenant said :

"We had dropped our bombs and then Italian fighters were after us. A Macchi 200 got a good burst in and suddenly the fuselage between the cockpit and the air-gunner's turret burst into a blazing furnace. I told the crew to jump out, but the air-gunner must have been killed, for his gun had stopped and I could get no reply from him.

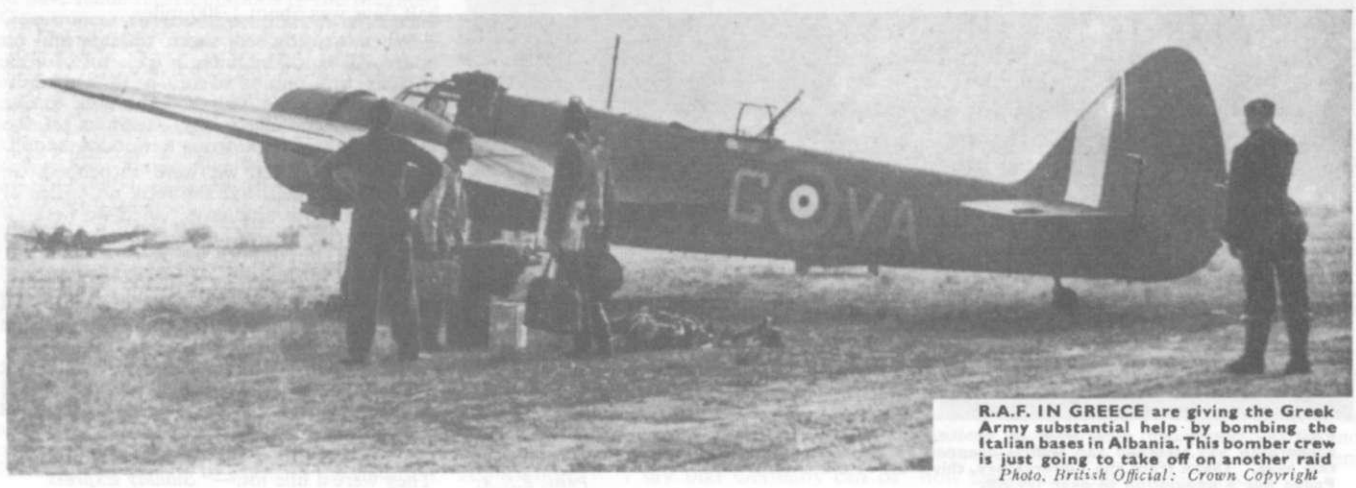
The observer climbed out first, and was gone, but the hatch on my side stuck, so I moved over to follow the observer. Jolly fortunate I did so, for just as I was squeezing through to the hatch, an enemy fighter let another burst into our aircraft, this time destroying my seat and the instrument panel.

When I did bale out part of my parachute harness, which I discovered afterwards had been nicked by a bullet, caught round my leg, and as the parachute opened it jerked my leg up behind my neck and broke the leg just above the knee.

I was not in too good a shape because previously I had received a bullet through the elbow. Even while I was sailing down an Italian fighter came after me and put 20 bullets through my parachute—we counted the holes later. Because of the punctured parachute and broken harness I landed pretty heavily. My observer came down at a village farther away in the valley. I lay down on the ground for about half an hour. Then Greek soldiers found me—we had landed just inside the Greek lines.

Soldiers bandaged me up as best they could ; then they found a stretcher. They were absolutely splendid. For four days they carried me cheerfully over the mountains, often through deep snow and along narrow mountain tracks with precipitous edges. Looking over one side of my stretcher I saw nothing but a horrifying chasm. Yet they were surefooted and never slipped or slithered about.

At last we reached Koritza ; then on to Florina, where my leg and arm were put into splints, and my observer, who was O.K. except for burns, was attended to.



R.A.F. IN GREECE are giving the Greek Army substantial help by bombing the Italian bases in Albania. This bomber crew is just going to take off on another raid
Photo, British Official : Crown Copyright

What had *They* to do with 'Peace and Goodwill'?

ADOLF HITLER spent Christmas with Hess, his deputy, and von Brauchitsch, Commander-in-Chief, inspecting the army in the West. On Christmas Eve he was amongst the soldiers and labourers at a coastal defence station where Dr. Todt, constructor of the Siegfried Line, was superintending the installation of more heavy batteries. Here Hitler and Todt are seen dining in the mess-room of the unit.

BENITO MUSSOLINI began his Christmas celebrations on December 22, 1940, by distributing money prizes to Italian mothers of large families at the Palazzo Venezia, his luxurious home in Rome. He is seen above handing the awards to the women. Previous to the ceremony, the recipients had been marched past the tomb of Italy's Unknown Warrior—which may have reminded some of the purpose for which Mussolini needs more young Italians. Both the photographs in this page arrived in London via the United States and were over a month on the journey.

Photos, Associated Press

The Belgians Here are a 'Happy Band of Brothers'

Here is another article from the pen of Henry Baerlein, one of a series he is contributing to our pages on the subject of Allied troops now in Britain. This time he writes of the Belgians and reports some of the stories told him by Belgian refugees who have escaped here from Hitler-ridden Europe.

AFTER days of heroic resistance against overwhelming numbers and machines, the Belgian army was ordered by King Leopold to cease fighting and lay down its arms. Many Belgians, however, managed to escape to Britain with a view to continuing the war, although the Nazi propagandists worked overtime in trying to impress upon such folk that if they succeeded they would not merely starve, but arrive just in time to see Hitler's triumphal entry.

It was no easy matter for Belgian soldiers to make their way to these shores, yet hundreds of them have arrived and many more from all over the world are on the way. Those in groups A and B came back with the assistance of Belgian consuls as soon as France was at war with Germany; those in groups C and D came when the danger to Belgium was more imminent, and those in group E when general mobilization, which now prevails, was declared. The "lettre de service," as it is called, of an officer enables him to return with the least delay, as his services are the more valuable. In a visit the other day to the Belgian troops over here I found them extremely well organized, and quite ready to make the best use of all their compatriots who will now be joining them.

Comradeship in Exile

Fully re-armed and equipped for the war, the morale of the Belgians is remarkably high. An excellent spirit of comradeship is found among them—Walloon and Fleming, Conservative, Liberal, and Socialist, young and elderly men, they are united in the resolve to liberate their country and their king. Some who are in this country will never fight again on account of their wounds, but these are being absorbed into war work of other kinds; many of them, experts in wireless or in electrical trades, are giving perfect satisfaction with the R.A.F. or in aeroplane factories. And when the Belgian air force is large enough to have squadrons of its own it is hoped that some of these skilled artisans will be released for service with their countrymen.

One has heard little of the Belgian airmen; the French were almost as determined as the Germans to prevent them bringing their 'planes over here, but a certain number of fighter pilots managed to get through, and some of these have scored notable successes. Among these we may mention Lieutenant Philippart, who came to England before Belgium was in the war for training as an instructor; he brought down six German 'planes in a single day before he was killed. A good many young men will soon have finished their training, and students who were not old enough for the army at home are asking to be enrolled in the air force.

One of the best of the Allied newspapers now being published here is that of the Belgian troops. It is called "Vers l'Avenir" (Towards the Future), and there is, of course, an identical edition printed in Flemish. It contains the latest news brought out of Belgium, interesting political articles, and domestic items of interest to the troops, and there is no lack of humour, sardonic and otherwise. "We are," it says, "a happy band of brothers and there are still a few vacancies." In calling upon all Belgians to join the army in Britain, it recommends those who cannot make up their minds to stay at home and join them after the victory. There is an announcement of a new secret Italian 'plane which moves silently at a tremendous rate; it is manned by a pilot, an observer, a gunner and twenty men, for the purpose of dropping parachutists behind the enemy's lines. One man is the parachutist; it is the duty of the other nineteen to push him out!

BELGIUM IN BRITAIN is symbolized by this Belgian soldier mounting guard at a Catholic church when General van Strydonck, commanding the Free Belgian Forces, attended Mass.
Photo, Keystone

As one associated with these Belgians, one is told, very modestly and humorously, of the obstacles they had to overcome on their way to England. Two brothers, of whom one had served in the army for about a year, dressed themselves as boy scouts and got over the frontier into France with the help of the father of a friend of theirs who, being a professional smuggler, was well acquainted with the secondary roads. They cycled through occupied and unoccupied France with innumerable adventures on the way, sold their machines before entering Spain, and when they were being taken to a concentration camp in that country they managed to mingle with a crowd of Spanish refugees arriving from France. For eight days they were concealed by some kind women at Valencia, and, becoming engaged in an altercation with a Portuguese police-official, near Badajos, one of our friends thought it would be a good plan to box his ears and be lodged in prison, as they would then have the right to get into touch with a Belgian consul. The Portuguese pushed them back into Spain, and there—the Spanish and Portuguese appearing anxious to annoy each other—the two refugees were given the option of three months in prison or getting back into Portugal within two hours. They chose the latter alternative, and were shown by the Spaniards how they could go by unfrequented paths. In Lisbon they were lodged at the British Club, and all was well.

How they Eluded the Nazis

One who in civilian life is a magistrate and who was helped on his way by false documents, almost fell a victim to the German Gestapo in Madrid, where, as elsewhere in Spain, they collaborate, of course in mufti, with the local police. But the children of the hotel proprietor had been generously treated in Belgium during the Spanish civil war; he helped the magistrate to escape by 'plane.

Then there is the tale of a sergeant who with two friends constructed a raft near the mouth of the river Somme. With his beautiful sheep-dog they embarked, and for six days, in rough seas and with scarcely any food, they suffered a great deal. The dog was in a worse plight than the men, so that the sergeant was forced at last to shoot him. He turned away and wept when the two others started to eat the dog. Then the raft began to disintegrate, and they repaired it as best they could with six handkerchiefs. More dead than alive they drifted over to England, their sail a curtain and army shovels their only oars.

My last story shall be that of a monk who, being an artillery officer of the reserve, is now once more a gunner. As second-in-command of a battery he took part in continuous and desperate fighting, and not one shell was left with which to blow up the guns. (By the way, on the night before Belgium's collapse all the regimental flags were collected and burned.) The former monk made use of his wits in having his papers and those of fifty others stamped as being demobilized. He stayed for a while in Brussels, where the German soldiers made up for what they had previously lacked by acquiring underclothes and eating quantities of butter unaccompanied by bread. They had orders to be polite, so that the Belgians—vain hope!—should become reconciled to being for evermore in Germany's Lebensraum.

'Nothing against the Belgians'!

The Germans explained that they had nothing against the Belgians, and they regretted having been obliged to kill so many thousands of refugees on the roads; it was Belgium's misfortune, they said, to be in Germany's way—they were geographical victims. When the monk set out in a car to travel through France, he found the general morale so bad that by giving a good dinner to a man in charge of a petrol store he could usually obtain as much petrol as he wanted, while tires were offered to him at half-price.

On the other hand, the latest news of the morale of the people in Belgium is excellent.

'Gallant Little Belgium' Lives Again in Britain

FREE BELGIANS are our allies still, and a considerable force of them are in training in the United Kingdom. Above, a British officer standing between two Belgian N.C.O.s bears witness to the alliance.

Left, a Belgian woman doctor, who wears the medals she won in the last war, is giving instructions to members of her staff. She is with the Belgian troops training in the Western Command.

General van Strydonck, who is in command of the Free Belgian Forces in Britain, is here seen inspecting a parade of light tanks "somewhere in the Western Command." All able-bodied Belgians of military age beyond Hitler's clutches were called up to serve with the Belgian Army in Britain on December 14, 1940.

Photos, Keystone

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

TUESDAY, JAN. 28, 1941 *514th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. submarine Triton was overdue and must be considered lost.

In the Air—During night of 27-28 R.A.F. bombers carried out heavy raid on Capodichino (Naples) aerodrome. Railway junction and marshalling yard at Naples were also attacked. Catania aerodrome and Comiso raided same night.

War against Italy—Concentration of British forces on Derna area continuing. Fighter patrols supported advancing troops.

In Eritrea operations progressed in Agordat-Barentu area and mobile troops continued to press Italian forces retreating from Umm Hagar. Prisoners now totalled 1,200.

Cairo announced that a Free French force from Chad territory had advanced 400 miles and raided Murzuk in south-west Libya.

Home Front—During day enemy aircraft dropped bombs through clouds in Eastern Counties and over South-east England. Incendiaries and several high explosives fell in London area.

Greek War—Athens announced capture of enemy positions and more prisoners and material.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29 *515th day*

In the Air—R.A.F. made night attacks on Wilhelmshaven and elsewhere in Germany.

War against Italy—Pressure on enemy forces in Derna area increasing.

Operations in Agordat-Barentu sector developing. Enemy in retreat from Umm Hagar and being closely pursued.

Vigorous patrol activity across frontier on Italian Somaliland.

Home Front—Three bombs dropped in Thames Estuary district in daylight. In early evening bombs fell on a town in the north-east and on one in the west.

Night raiders attacked London first time for 10 nights. Flares and fire bombs were dropped, but were quickly put out. High explosives also fell. Scores of incendiaries showered over an East Anglian district, and heavy bombs on a south-east town and one in Thames Estuary.

Greek War—Athens reported that during last 24 hours Italians continued desperate efforts to initiate offensive, but all attacks were repulsed with heavy enemy losses.

General—General Metaxas, Prime Minister of Greece, died. M. Alexander Korizis, Governor of National Bank of Greece, was appointed his successor.

THURSDAY, JAN. 30 *516th day*

War against Italy—Derna captured by Imperial forces after sharp fighting. R.A.F. made heavy attacks on aerodrome at Barce.

In Eritrea concentration of British forces in Agordat-Barentu sector proceeded smoothly.

R.A.F. bombed bridge on Mega-Neghelli road. In Moyale area dive attacks were made on Italian artillery and infantry positions.

Home Front—During day single enemy aircraft dropped bombs in London area and in parts of S.E. England, East Anglia and East Midlands. No night raids.

German bomber shot down by fighters near Clacton-on-Sea.

German fighters made concentrated attack on Dover balloon barrage.

Greek War—Athens reported limited but successful activity at the front. Enemy still endeavouring to launch counter-offensive.

FRIDAY, JAN. 31 *517th day*

War against Italy—Italians trying to stop British advance west of Derna towards Apollonia and Benghazi.

In Eritrea pressure continued towards Agordat and Barentu. Some British patrols penetrated 40 miles into Italian Somaliland.

R.A.F. carried out heavy night raid on docks at Tripoli; one ship set on fire, two others damaged.

Aerodrome at Barce again heavily raided.

R.A.F. fighters destroyed three aircraft on ground at Teramni, Italian East Africa.

Home Front—During day single enemy aircraft dropped bombs through clouds on several points in London area and few places in Southern and Eastern England. Three London hospitals hit by high explosives. Slight activity at night, but no bombs fell.

Two German bombers destroyed, one off Cornwall, the other at Plumpton, Sussex.

Greek War—Athens announced successful local operations. Some enemy positions taken and about 200 prisoners captured. R.A.F. bombed Dukaj, 7 miles north-west of Tepelini.

SATURDAY, FEB. 1 *518th day*

In the Air—Coastal Command aircraft made night attack on docks at Brest.

War against Italy—British troops maintained offensive west of Derna.

Agordat, Eritrea, was captured, with many hundreds of prisoners, guns and tanks. By dusk advanced elements were in pursuit of enemy towards Keren.

R.A.F. bombed number of targets in Italian East Africa.

Two enemy aircraft shot down over Malta.

Home Front—Bombs fell during day in East Anglia, causing slight damage and some casualties. No night raids.

Greek War—Entire Tepelini area reported to be under Greek domination. Italians retreating down road to Valona. North of Klisura Greeks still retained initiative. In central sector height of 5,700 feet was captured. Valona bombed and machine-gunned by R.A.F.

SUNDAY, FEB. 2 *519th day*

On the Sea—Announced that Greek submarine Papanikolis had torpedoed large enemy transport off Brindisi on night of Jan. 28-29.

In the Air—Shortly before dawn R.A.F. bombed docks at Boulogne and Ostend. During daylight large formations of fighters and bombers carried out offensive sweeps over Straits of Dover and enemy-occupied territory. Three enemy fighters destroyed.

Other attacks made by Coastal Command on aerodromes at Ostend and Berck.

War against Italy—Concentration of forces in area west of Derna proceeding.

In Barentu sector operations developing well. Farther south Biacundi was captured.

In Abyssinia enemy in full retreat on Metemma-Gondar road.

Enemy falling back before pressure of British patrols in Italian Somaliland.

R.A.F. fighters and bombers very active between Derna and Benghazi.

Naval Swordfish aircraft carried out successful attack on power plant in Sardinia.

Home Front—Slight enemy activity over Eastern England. Bombs fell in few places in East Anglia and Kent.

Greek War—Athens reported further local successes. More territory was occupied, and 260 prisoners taken much war material.

MONDAY, FEB. 3 *520th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that German aircraft had bombed ship containing Italian war prisoners, causing many casualties.

In the Air—R.A.F. bombed Brest docks and other targets before dawn.

War against Italy—Advanced elements captured Cyrene, west of Derna.

British troops captured Barentu, Eritrea. Mechanized forces continued to press upon Italians retreating towards Keren.

In Abyssinia pursuit of enemy forces towards Gondar continued.

South African forces occupied two Italian frontier posts on Dukana front, 10 miles inside Abyssinian border.

On night of 2-3 R.A.F. bombed Castel Benito aerodrome of Tripoli, and surrounding districts.

R.A.F. bombers raided Berka aerodrome and Barce. Fighters made machine-gun attacks on troops between Slonta and Tecnis.

S. African bombers attacked Gobwen aerodrome, near Kismayu, destroying 5 aircraft.

Home Front—Single aircraft made number of daylight raids over East and South-east coast. Bombs fell in London area and in East Anglia and Kent.

At night raiders were reported over London outskirts and from widely-separated places in England.

German bomber shot down by fighters into Thames estuary.

Greek War—Athens announced further successful local operations and more prisoners taken.

On the Way Back from Bombing Tobruk

WHILE over the sea on the return journey from a raid on Tobruk an R.A.F. bomber's starboard engine burst into flames. The aircraft crashed into the sea.

The rear-gunner and another member of the crew were at the time standing amidships. The next thing the rear-gunner knew was that he was lying on top of the fuselage with his legs in the water. He had been thrown out of the aircraft and knocked unconscious, but had fortunately landed on the fuselage instead of in the sea. Another member of the crew had released the rubber dinghy and was attempting to right it.

There was no sign of life from inside the aircraft, which suddenly sank, leaving the two airmen with the dinghy they were unable to right. The sergeant was suffering from a deep head cut sustained when he was thrown safely through the top of the fuselage, and one arm was practically useless. He decided that, despite the nasty swell running at the time, his best course was to attempt to swim to the shore half a mile away. His colleague elected to stay with the dinghy, as he knew he could not swim the distance. The rear-gunner made the trip successfully, but collapsed on the beach and lost consciousness. When he recovered he searched frantically for the dinghy but could find no trace of it. His one obsession was to find help, so he began to walk inland.

Throughout the night he plodded on, but to his dismay found himself two or three hours before daybreak back at approximately the same spot on the coast from which he had started. Again he searched for the dinghy, and this time he found it, with the dead body of his colleague lashed to it.

Once more the sergeant set off to search for assistance, maintaining his direction by the wind, which was blowing off the sea. All day he staggered on without meeting a soul, and just before nightfall he found a stone enclosure with a number of small rooms, one of which was partly filled with straw. It had apparently been occupied by Italian or British troops. He slept during the night in the straw, and set out again in the morning in a last desperate effort to find help, as he had had neither food nor water. Some faint car tracks gave him renewed hope and he stuck grimly to these until at last he came upon a road. His trials were over, for he was picked up by a passing convoy and rushed to the nearest casualty clearing station.